

THE CRITIC

Vol. XLIV

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No. 1

The Lounger

APROPOS of the handsome cover that Mr. George Wharton Edwards has made for THE CRITIC, and which is inaugurated with the present number, I have been looking over the cover history of the leading American magazines. It is astonishing, the change that has come over publishers in the matter of covers. In old times but one cover design was used, in season and out. We could tell a magazine by its cover as far as the eye could reach. But it is very different nowadays; some of the newer magazines are never seen twice with the same cover design. The *Atlantic Monthly*, like Jenny Wren, wears its brown gown through the years; no occasion sees any change in its front. When the *Century Magazine* was first started, some thirty years ago, it was very proud of its cover, which was then considered striking and artistic. It was lilac in color and the design was something like ornamental iron-work. Such a cover would be impossible today. Some years after its birth Mr. Stanford White designed the cover which is the most familiar to *Century* readers, and it was this cover that set the pace for all the other magazines. Massing the lettering at the top was something new; now it is considered the only way. With its November

number the *Century* discarded Mr. White's stately design and color for something new—a green foundation with a centre of ivory touched off with Venetian red; a more conspicuous cover on the newsstands, no doubt, than the old one. While the *Century* was still using Mr. White's design it would on occasion have special covers, and was, if my recollection serves me, the first magazine to have new cover designs for special numbers.

Harper's Magazine was the last of all to change its cover design. For half a century it wore the same dress; but since Colonel Harvey took command it changes its color with every number. At Christmas time, when all the magazines come out in gay colors and new designs, Colonel Harvey brings out *Harper's* in a single color with the simplest sort of a design, making the magazine conspicuous by its simplicity. Its latest Christmas cover is dark green, in imitation of crushed levant.

Scribner's Magazine is famous for its cover designs, employing the best artists to do their prettiest. *McClure's* cover used to be given over to pictures, but now it has assumed a simple design

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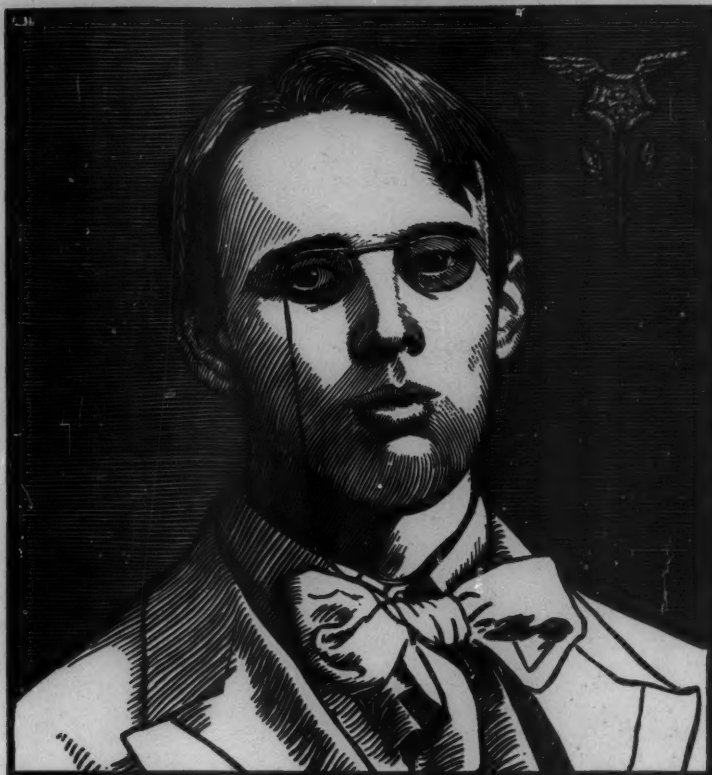
MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

not unsuggestive of *Harper's* original cover, except as to color. One of the most beautiful of the past Christmas covers is that of *The World's Work*. It is really more like a book cover than the cover of a magazine, but it is nevertheless striking as well as elegant.



Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has

apparently laid aside novel-writing for the present for the more exciting business of making plays,—and who can blame her? for she has been so very successful along these lines. Her dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was one of the phenomenal successes of a dozen years ago. Later "A Lady of Quality," dramatized by her from her novel of that name, made a fortune



Courtesy of

MR. W. B. YEATS
(See page 26)

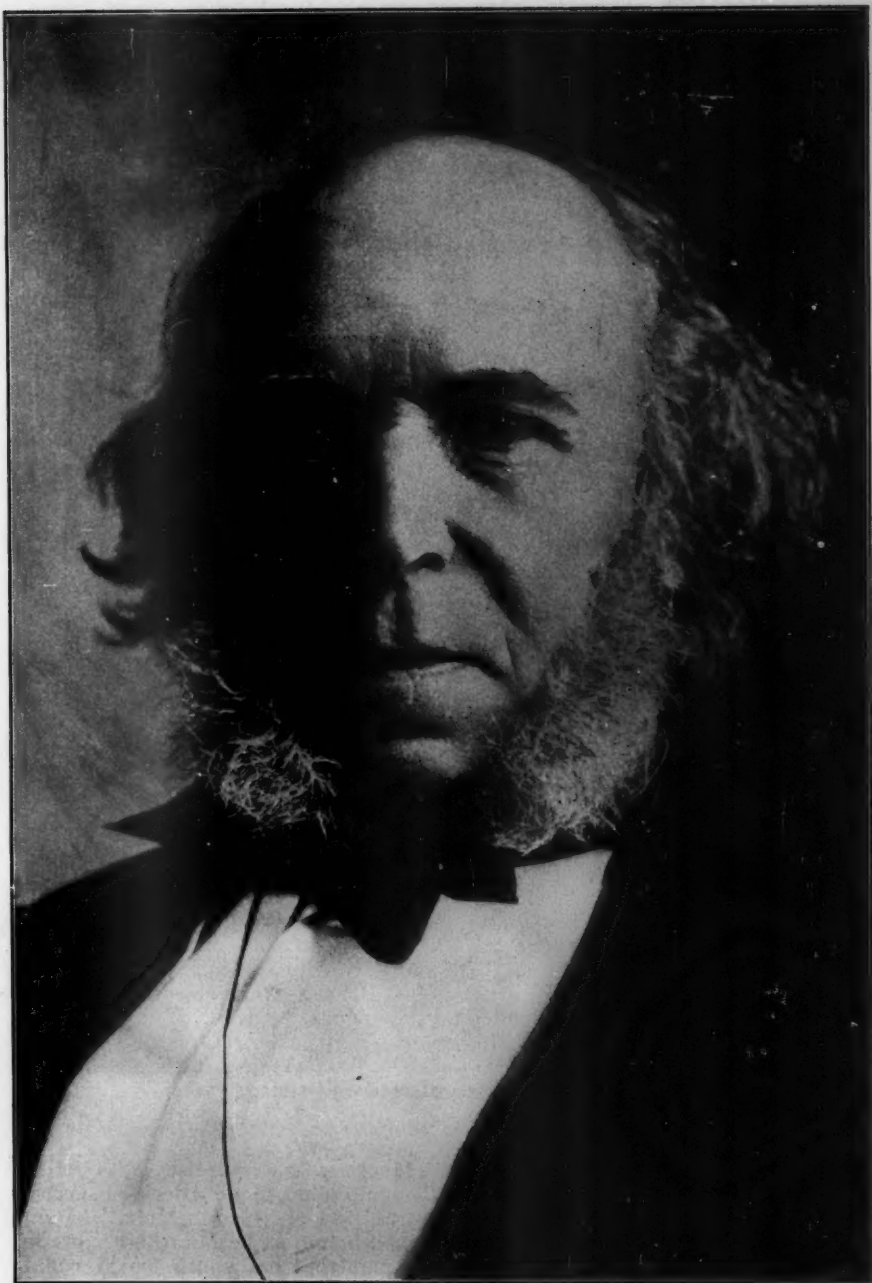
Mr. John Lane

for both author and "star." One of the most successful plays of last winter was her dramatization of "Sara Crewe" over the name of "The Little Princess." Now she is again to the front with "The Pretty Sister of José," founded on one of her short stories. In this new play Miss Maude Adams is crowding the Empire Theatre. While Miss Adams is not one's preconceived idea of a Spanish peasant, she is so delightful in the part that one accepts it for what she is, not for what she ought to be.

Mrs. Burnett has still another play which I believe is finished though not yet staged. It is a dramatization of

"In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim," made for Mr. Robert Hilliard, who will "star" in the leading part. In the meantime the novel that Mrs. Burnett was at work upon two years ago is shelved. She promises, however, to take it up again as soon as the "De Willoughby" play is well started on its stage career.

Much to my surprise Miss Ethel Barrymore has made a decided success in the part of "Cousin Kate." I imagined before I saw Miss Barrymore in the part that her youth would count against her, but this has not proved true. I saw the play in London and I am free to confess that I thought it



THE LATE HERBERT SPENCER

Whose life and work are reviewed on another page by Prof. William James

better done in New York. Another London play that is making a success here is "The Admirable Crichton." This has not been a very profitable dramatic season, but there have been some "winners," among them the two plays mentioned. Mr. Gillette as the accomplished butler has made another "Sherlock Holmes" success.



I am requested by the Supervisor of the Farmers' Wives' Reading-Course to do what I can to help this admirable philanthropy. Under State appropriation there has been sustained at Cornell University a free Reading-Course for Farmers' Wives on subjects pertaining to home life. I don't know how much farmers' wives care for this sort of reading, but I do know that they like to read fashion papers. I happened to be stormbound several times recently at farmhouses in the State of Connecticut, and on every one of the sitting-room tables I have seen a profusion of fashion magazines. There was a time when farmers' wives cared no more for fashion than their husbands did, but now they are as much concerned over the latest styles as the city-bred woman, for they seem to argue that to be out of the fashion is to be out of the world and they have no intention of being out of the world.



Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is popularly known as the poetess of passion, but Mrs. Wilcox "is not in it," to take advantage of the slang of the day, with Laurence Hope, whose "Stars of the Desert" is just issued from The Bodley Head. Laurence Hope, I believe, is the pen-name of a lady who has spent much of her life in India. A year or so ago she published a volume of verse called "The Garden of Kama," of which I had occasion to speak in words of praise. "Stars of the Desert" has made a greater sensation in England than the first book. Most of these poems are supposed to be translations, but I doubt if they are very literal translations. I imagine that Laurence Hope has taken the same liberties with

the original text that FitzGerald took with the text of Omar Khayyám. There are not a great many of the poems in "Stars of the Desert" that could be quoted in a family magazine. I select the "Garden Song" as an example of the poet's style, although it is passionless compared with the others:

Forgive me, in that I kissed your lips
Too fiercely or too soon;
It was the fault of the nightingale
Singing against the moon.
If Reason swerved in a brief eclipse
The while I sinned my sin,
Opposed to Love, it must always fail
Since Love must always win.

The flowers rejoiced in that kiss of ours,
Even as they were fain
The great night moths should ravage their hearts,
Seeking for golden gain:
Bringing them pollen from other flowers,
Set open through the night
To play their motionless, mystic parts
In Nature's marriage rite.

And who was I, to resist, withstand
That charm of fragrant gloom?
A summer night has a thousand powers
Of scent and stars and bloom.
Forgive me, in that my errant hand
Caressed your silken hair,
Oh, lay the blame on the orange flowers,
You *know* how sweet they were!



Mr. John Morley is said to have received fifty thousand dollars for his "Life of Gladstone." When one takes Mr. Morley's name into consideration, and the amount of work he has put into this "Life," the pay is not large. It is well-known that Messrs. Hay and Nicolay were paid a similar amount for the serial rights alone in their life of Lincoln. Mr. Morley, by the way, is to visit the United States in the new year, having been engaged to deliver an address at the opening of the Technical College, at Pittsburg, in October next. It is thirty years since Mr. Morley has visited America. He will see many changes not only in architecture but in manners and customs. We were a simpler people thirty years ago than we are to-day.



Photo by

MISS MARIE MANNING

Hollinger & Co.

Miss Marie Manning, having seen her novel, "Judith of the Plains," well started on a successful career, has gone to Italy for an indefinite time. She and her friend, Miss Olivia Howard Dunbar, will spend the winter in Rome. Both of these ladies intend to work while they are abroad, and hope to find renewed inspiration under Italian skies. Miss Manning is engaged on a new novel, and Miss Dunbar has a series of magazine articles upon which she is at work. Miss Dunbar, by the way, led the procession in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, and I believe

that she is under contract with the editor of that monthly to write some special papers, which will be profusely illustrated.

Miss Manning is a niece of Cardinal Manning. She very seldom mentions this—in fact you have to ask her the question pointblank if you want to know—for she dislikes making advertising capital out of her distinguished relative's name.

Mr. Wardon Allan Curtis, one would say to judge by his portrait, is a very sol-

emmn young man, but if you read his book, "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton," you will see that while he may be solemn before a camera he is not solemn when he sits down with his pen in hand. I wrote to Mr. Curtis's publishers for a photograph of him and asked for one that would not be conventional. In replying to their request he wrote:

I am afraid I am at a loss how to get an unconventional picture. The pictures in THE CRITIC always seemed to me so unconventional that they were very conventional, that the strained effects and attitudes were less pleasing than a frankly stiff pose with a pair of callipers holding the head up and the eyes bent on the location of the "birdie." The picture you have is the only one I have had since '94. Perhaps you can suggest some sort of a pose. I can borrow a very engaging bulldog, black, with a fine white shirt front and most respectable looking. I could wear a battered hat, or be taken in a shirt waist. I don't smoke, so can't be viewed in the pleasing abandon of gripping a cob pipe between my teeth or holding a sallow cigarette between my fingers. Really, the unconventional poses of conventionality are closed to me. I can't have my hands in my trousers pockets, for I never have trousers pockets for the very purpose of not becoming addicted to that habit. I suppose about the only thing open to me is to wear a coat without a vest and a straw hat, or a smashed-up felt hat, or a small cap, perhaps throw the bulldog in the foreground, though he would n't be natural, and I prefer cats to dogs.

22

Mr. Curtis makes his home in Madison, Wisconsin, where he is engaged in newspaper work. He was born on an Indian reservation in New Mexico, where he had some adventures which were much stranger than those of Mr. Middleton.

22

It is a long time since I have heard from *The Burning Bush*. I did not know but that it had ceased to burn. But no, it is still aflame, and the publishers write me that in the less than two years that it has been published it has had "a most phenomenal circulation, far above any other recorded religious paper." This they do not think strange, considering its nature and character. It is, they admit, known largely



MR. WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

in the East as the "religious Puck." Its strong points, to quote from the publishers' letter, are that—

Its friends love it, and its enemies hate it!
It preaches righteousness!
It exposes sin!
It will be sent on exchange with any other paper.

If the publishers receive a marked copy of THE CRITIC, containing "The Burning Bush Reading Notice," they will give me five annual subscriptions. This is a temptation, but I shall have to forego it.

22

Mr. Charles Battell Loomis has been rather annoyed by being accused of the authorship of "The Literary Guillotine." He requests me to say that he has had nothing to do with that book, and has no knowledge of the guilty parties. Any one familiar with Mr. Loomis's gentle wit knows that there is none of the sharpness of the headsmen's knife.

22

Mr. Robert Edeson began his career as a star in a play by Mr. Richard



MR. ROBERT EDESON

Harding Davis, and he was so successful that he looks upon the author of "Soldiers of Fortune" as a veritable mascot. Mr. Edeson's new play is also by Mr. Davis, dramatized from his story "Ranson's Folly."

Mrs. L. H. Harris's article on Southern literature, printed in a recent number of THE CRITIC, has stirred up a hornets' nest in the South. She has been accused of want of patriotism, of fouling her own nest, and doing all sorts of things that a woman of her character would never dream of doing. The *Atlanta Constitution* has come out with strong editorials in her defence. "This is a free country," says the *Constitution*, "wherein people are not to be berated for the expression of honest opinions—certainly not for expressing eminently sane opinions. To reflect upon this brave woman's sectional loyalty is the veriest balderdash." Mrs. Harris is quite capable of holding her own, and I hope before long that she will have another article in THE CRITIC

which will express more of her views on this subject in her own trenchant and convincing manner.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has passed away, leaving behind him an autobiography which was written and put in type some twenty years ago and has been read by a number of his friends. He was urged to publish it during his life, but he decided against this advice. With the passing of Herbert Spencer the world loses one of its greatest and most original thinkers. His influence upon his time cannot be properly estimated yet, but surely it will not be eclipsed by that of Darwin.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who was for some time the literary editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, has left the Quaker City and settled at Yonkers on the Hudson. Mr. Hawthorne, so far as I know, is not devoting his work to any one paper. He seems to be doing a good deal of free-lancing, which is, after all, a very pleasant way for a writer to earn his living. One feels a certain independence sitting at one's own desk at home that he does not feel at an office desk. There is something, however, in the compelling work of an office that keeps a man up to the mark. Home work is often put off because pleasanter things invite one. It is well-known that Mr. Anthony Hope for many years went regularly to an office that he hired in Buckingham Street off the Strand, and there he wrote so many hours a day on his stories. He found that it was easier to go out to work than to stay at home. I don't know what Mr. Hawthorne's methods are, but I do know that he has recently written a most delightful book, "Hawthorne and His Circle." Much has been written on this subject, but the son of the great romancer has been able to say some new things and he has said them well.

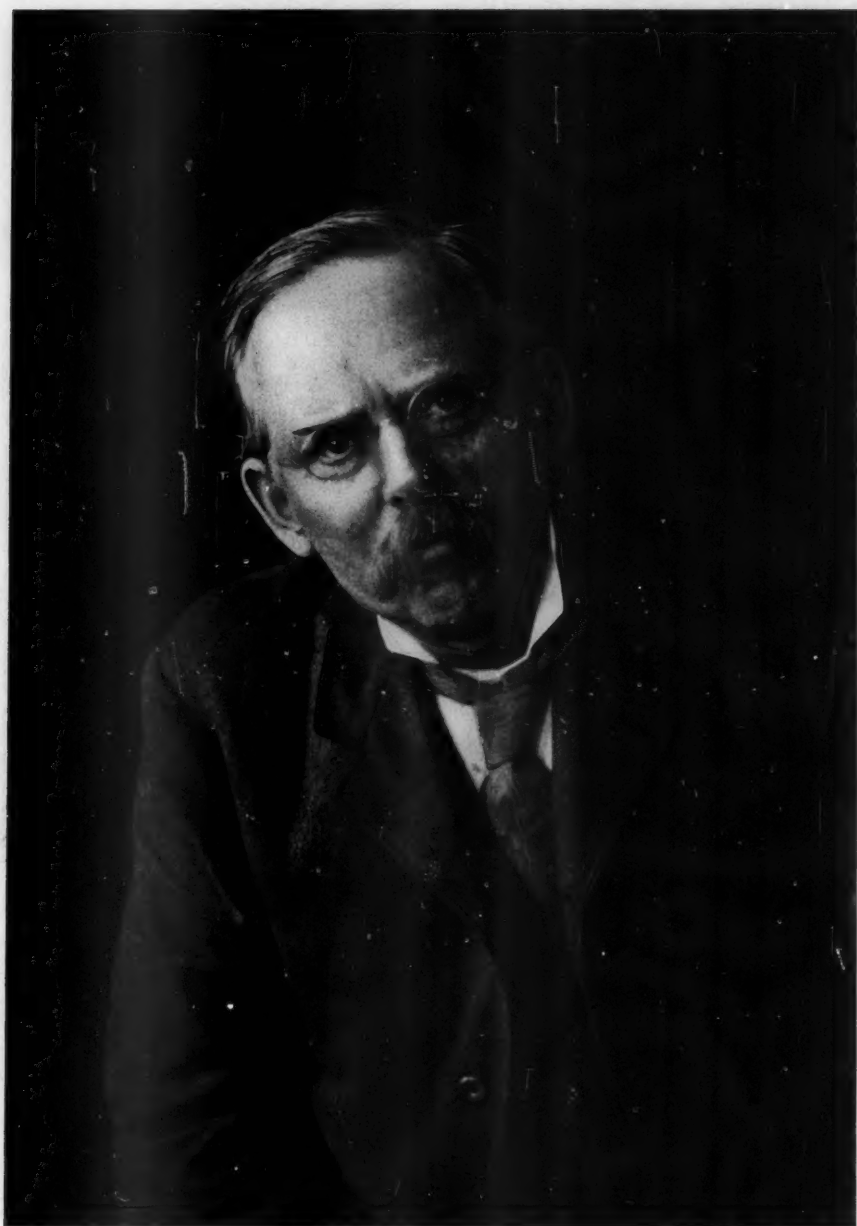
Mr. Jacob Riis, who began in the December magazine number of *The Outlook* a series of papers designed to



Photo by

Van der Weyde

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE



MR. JACOB RIIS

From a photograph made for THE CRITIC by Waldon Fawcett

give an intimate insight into the personality of President Roosevelt and the private life of the White House family is unquestionably better equipped for this task than any other man in the United States. For many years President Roosevelt and Mr. Riis have been the closest personal friends, and the reformer-author has not only been a frequent visitor at the Roosevelt home but has accompanied the President on many of his tours about the country. President Roosevelt has shown his appreciation of his friend by declaring in public addresses on more than one occasion that he considers Mr. Riis "the ideal American citizen."



The close companionship between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Riis antedates the former's service as Police Commissioner of New York City, and during the past decade and a half each year has found the friendship more closely cemented. During the interval when Mr. Roosevelt was the administrative head of the great police organization of the metropolis the intimacy between the two men grew apace. Mr. Riis had been for years previously a police reporter on the *Evening Sun* and had gained an insight into conditions and causes which was of immense value to Commissioner Roosevelt. Moreover, he is an instinctive, enthusiastic reformer, and here again he and Roosevelt had much in common.

Mr. Riis was the almost invariable companion of Commissioner Roosevelt on his famous all-night tours of investigation, and time and again the two men, so diametrically opposite in some characteristics but so singularly in accord in others, would spend the long hours between midnight and dawn tramping up and down the streets to ascertain whether policemen were doing their duty, exploring the congested districts of the city to gain at first hand information as to existing conditions in the tenements; and, in short, investigating abuses of all kinds.



Some time later Mr. Riis gave up his reportorial work, but his change

from journalism to lecturing and authorship only afforded him greater opportunities for cultivating his friendship with Mr. Roosevelt, for he purchased a modest little home at Richmond Hill, Long Island, and thus became, in a sense, a neighbor of his distinguished co-worker in the cause of good citizenship. In every office which President Roosevelt has held he has sought to have Mr. Riis associated with him as one of his dependable advisers, but his comrade, while so thoroughly in sympathy with his aims, has invariably declined such responsibility. When he was Police Commissioner, he urged Mr. Riis to accept a place in the Mayor's Cabinet; when he was Governor of New York he used all his influence to induce his trusted friend to take charge of one of the most important State bureaus; and finally, when he became President, he all but demanded that he act as Commissioner of Immigration, but to all of these tenders his friend with a purpose turned a deaf ear.



Mr. Riis now lives very quietly at his Long Island home, devoting his entire time to his literary work and to lecturing. He is the author of several books and has contributed extensively to the magazines. Perhaps his best-known volume is "How the Other Half Lives," issued in 1890, and containing the most startling revelation made up to that time of the conditions prevailing in the tenements of New York City. It was this volume which impelled Theodore Roosevelt, then a Civil Service Commissioner, to climb the stairs to a dingy newspaper office, and, failing to find Mr. Riis, to leave the memorable note, "Have read your book and have come to help." His books, "The Battle with the Slums" and "The Ten Years' War," are also well known. Riis has thus far published little regarding the "personal side" of the Mr. Roosevelt he knows so well, but the fragmentary glimpses of the Roosevelt home life which he has given to readers of the magazines have evidenced an intimate acquaintance with the subject which will cause the reading public to

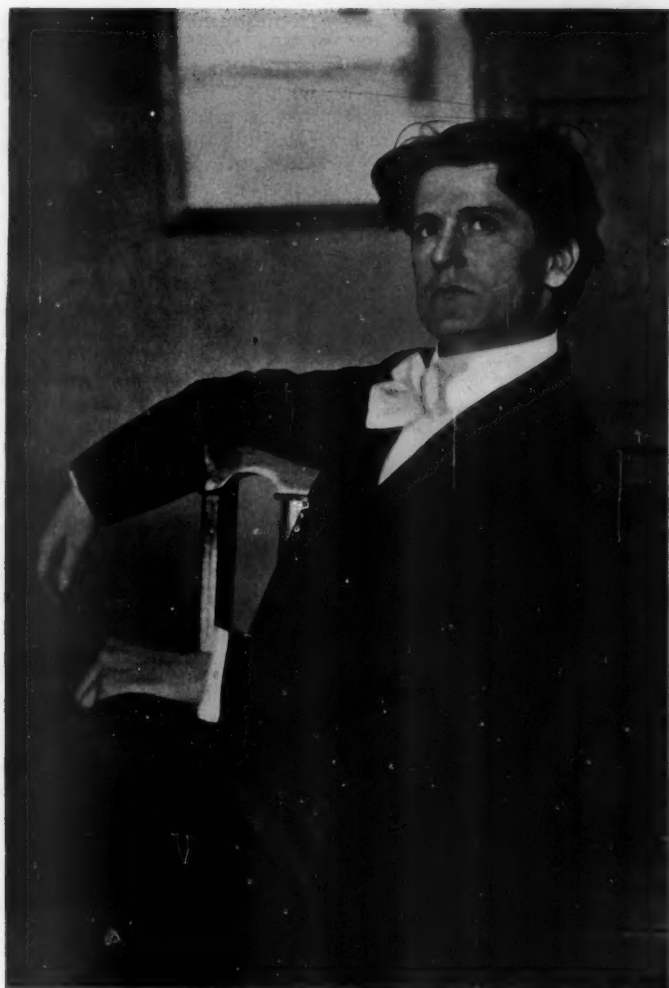


Photo by

Van der Weyde

MR. CHARLES HEMSTREET

await with interest what will easily rank as the authoritative work of its kind. Mr. Riis does nearly all his work in his "den," a little frame building situated a stone's throw from his home at Richmond Hill, L. I. His daily routine is simple. It begins with a horseback ride, for he shares the President's enthusiasm for this exercise, and then, after his mail has been disposed of, he buckles down to literary work until a late hour in the after-

noon. Mr. Riis, who is now fifty-four years of age, rather shuns publicity and has never been wont to talk about himself, but an excellent idea of his aims and methods may be gleaned from his autobiography, "The Making of an American."



In his "The Making of an American" Mr. Riis is good enough to say that I was the means of making him



MRS. SPENCER TRASK

an author. I was at that time the literary adviser of a publishing house, and my senses were attuned to the approach of a new author. I scented one coming, through the columns of the *Evening Sun*, and wrote to him that the publishing house with which I was connected would like to make a book of his "Other Half" sketches. He must have approved of the suggestion, for he collected the sketches and took them to another publisher! None the less, to me belongs the distinction of having made one of the ablest as well as one of the most popular authors in America.



Readers of THE CRITIC who followed Mr. Charles Hemstreet's "Literary Landmarks of New York" through its columns, will be interested in seeing this portrait of him. I have been frequently asked if Hemstreet was really

the name of this writer or whether it is only a pen-name. I have his authority for saying that it is the only name he has and the only one he ever had. It seems curious that a man whose specialty is writing about the streets of New York should have a name so characteristic of his work.



Mrs. Spencer Trask is really more of a poet than a prose writer, but she has been very successful as a writer of novels. Her latest excursion into the field of fiction "Free Not Bound" has won high praise from the press and reader. Mrs. Trask leaves a long time between her books, which perhaps accounts for their admirable quality.



Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who died in this city in November, was known to the general public merely as a



THE LATE MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
From a sketch made after death by Ernest Haskell

woman who edited a beauty department in a daily paper, but to a large circle of friends, numbering many hundreds, those who knew her personally and those who only knew her through correspondence, she stood for something much more than her professional life suggested. I have known Mrs. Ayer for twenty-five years. I knew her when she was among Chicago's wealthiest women, dispensing a generous and unique hospitality, and I have known her through all the phases of her tragic life. Mrs. Ayer was the bravest woman that I ever knew. She had more than misfortune to face, but she never lost heart. Her own sorrows made her sympathetic with the sorrows of others, and no one but her most intimate friends knew of the extent and practical value of her charities. No one ever appealed to her in vain. Although she was a hard-working journalist, with comparatively little money to dispense in charity, she gave her time, as well, which was really more valuable, to the appeals of the unfortunate. In the many hundred letters that she received every day in the line of her special work there were a large number that were direct appeals to her aid or sympathy, and not one of these appeals remained unanswered. By her kind words and kind deeds she has brightened the lives of hundreds of women and girls. Her funeral, at old Trinity Church, was a wonderful testimonial to her character. That large church was filled with sincere mourners, many of whom had never seen Mrs. Ayer but who had been benefited by her. Poor men, poor women, poor girls, crowded into the edifice to pay their last respects to one who had brought so much of brightness into their lives. Hers was a noble life. She was a self-sacrificing wife, a devoted mother, a loyal friend.



There is a movement now on foot in New York to raise funds for a suitable memorial to Mrs. Ayer, and it is suggested that this memorial take a practical shape along the line of her

sympathies. Dickens's story of "The Seven Poor Travellers" made a great impression upon her, and it was her dream to establish something on somewhat similar lines for the benefit of poor girls. She wanted New York to have some place, a house or rooms, that would be open at all hours of the day and night, where a certain number of homeless girls could know that they were always welcome; where in winter there would be a warm fire and a hot supper to cheer them, and where there would be some one to whom they could tell their tale of woe and be sure of sympathy. The memorial to Mrs. Ayer will probably take this form, and nothing could be more gratifying to her if she could know of its successful carrying out.



Have you read Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's article on "The Deleterious Effect of Americanization upon Women" in the *Nineteenth Century*? If not, don't. It is too long-winded. He wants to say that the influence of American women upon English women is bad, and he takes ten pages of print to say it in. He begins with a long preamble about the feudal system, and the days when men fought with sword and spear, and then after seven pages of beating about the bush he devotes less than three to the subject under discussion.

The American woman [says Mr. Marriott Watson] is claimed by her admirers as being independent. But she is more than that; she is anarchical. The State has been built upon certain sociological facts as foundation; the American woman is destroying these, and with them therefore the structure of the State as it exists now. Another system may conceivably be erected on other foundations, and this may be demonstrated to be superior, but the influence of the American woman is revolutionary as far as the present order goes. An American lady, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who is held in great repute, informs us that American women love titles because they are "striving always to have the best of everything, including society." We are also told by this undoubted authority that the American girl "seldom loses her heart, and never her head."

In that confession I see the main source of the anarchy which she effects, and the degeneration which she represents.

Degeneration indeed! If there is any more degeneration among American women than among their English sisters I should like to see it proved. American women for the most part lived simple Christian lives until they came into relations with English society. Then they were taught that nothing counted but wealth and position. As most of them had the wealth, only position was necessary. If it was the thing to have, with true American spirit they determined to have it, and they got it. But how? By selling their daughters in the market-place. "Here," they said, in almost these words, to the effete aristocracy of England, "here is my daughter, a charming young girl; take her, give her your coronet, and she will give you her millions." There is never a lack of bidders at these sales,—so many castles in England need rebuilding, so many coronets need regilding. Perhaps the girl would rather have an American husband. If so, her ambitious mother overrules her objections; the father occupies a negative position: this is "mother's" affair, he washes his hands of it.

A short time ago we were terribly shocked by a story told in our morning papers. A mother had taken her young daughter into a barroom and offered her for sale to any man who would buy her. The woman was intoxicated, so the police were called in and she was arrested and taken to the station-house. We shuddered and asked ourselves, Could such things be? And yet I should like to know if it is any worse than the selling of one's daughter by women of wealth and fashion. The woman who offered her daughter for sale in a barroom was a poor degraded creature who had probably never had a good influence enter into her life. But the women who offer their daughters for sale in drawing-rooms are women of wealth, of undisputed refinement, who are counted good mothers, as fashionable

mothers go. And yet to satisfy their ambition, they will sell their daughters to men who they know are morally and physically unfit to marry decent girls. I think that there is more to be said on the side of the wretched drunkard, for she had the excuse of her degradation, while these fashionable mothers have no excuse at all. Their unnatural conduct, I unhesitatingly declare, comes from the Englishization of their ideas. English women are so used to marriages of convenience, from royalty down, that they think nothing of it; in fact, they regard it as the common-sense thing, and an English mother loves American dollars as dearly as an American mother loves an English title. Mr. Marriott Watson is all wrong. The Americanization of women is a good thing; it is the Englishization that brings about degeneration.

It must be admitted, however, that the American women who would sell their daughters are the exceptions. They scarcely count among the millions of good and true women who are the pride and glory of their country. It is the few who have become contaminated by foreign association of whom I speak. Let me say right here, however, that I do not believe that all international marriages are made for a money consideration, but I do not hesitate to say that too many of them are.

The most alarming social question we have to face is that of divorce. I do not say that divorce laws should be abolished, but they certainly should be amended. In England the Church, which is so much more powerful as a social factor than with us, has set its face against divorce, but the fact that no divorced person can be received at court is an even more powerful weapon against the evil. But what happens in England? Divorces are not as frequent as with us, but the absence of them is often more demoralizing. In this country it generally seems as though it was not so much to get rid of an obnoxious husband or wife that brings about a divorce as eagerness to enter the bonds of matrimony with a new partner.

In a recent number of *The Independent* Mr. A. Growoll, the editor of the *Publishers' Weekly* gives some interesting statistics on the literary production of the world. Mr. Growoll has grave fears concerning the over-production of books. He thinks that "it would be well for the civilized world to call a halt on the phenomenal output of mediocre books that can have no lasting influence on the true culture of the world." Mr. Growoll might as well try to sweep back the sea with a broom as to stop the output of mediocre books; they will be published just as long as there is a demand for them. The more cultivated the public becomes, the less will be this demand. Our only hope lies in the public taste.

The University of Chicago Press, which is doing some very important work, announces "The Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylonia (about 2250 B.C.)." The book will be in two volumes; the first volume will be edited

by Professor Robert Francis Harper, and the second by Professor William Rainey Harper, both of the Chicago University. I have seen some specimen pages of the translation from the "Hammurabi Code" which are interesting, but not perhaps as worldly wise as the code of our own "Poor Richard." "Hammurabi," however, was a law-maker, and what he said passed as law rather than as shrewd advice. Here is an extract from his code in regard to marital troubles:

If a woman hates her husband, and says, "Thou shalt not have me," they shall inquire into her antecedents for her defects; and if she has been a careful mistress and is without reproach, and her husband has been going about and greatly belittling her, that woman has no blame. She shall receive her presents and shall go to her father's house.

If she has not been a careful mistress, has gadded about, has neglected her house, and has belittled her husband, they shall throw that woman into the water.

Perhaps this latter was the suggestion for the ducking-stool.



THE FIVE NOTIONS

*He has drummed his creed in the Times,
He has made the Government squirm;
He has done new crimes with the same old rhymes
And the flopping of feet infirm.
But make ye no truce with the anapest, the metre that walks like a worm.*

I have notions five in my pack,
As I plod on the poet's way;
Five notions in all which come at my call,
And every one sure to pay.
There's the Briton who lives at home,
And the Briton who lives abroad,
The Briton at sea, and God, and me—
Three Britons, and me, and God.

The Critic

I

Oh, the good 'ome-lovin' Briton likes 'is own especial hearth ;
 'E's domestic and 'e loves 'is fi-er-side ;
 So 'e sends an army roamin' over all the bloomin' earth,
 And 'e ships 'is little navy into every bay and firth ;
 'Cause 'e loves 'is 'ome but likes to 'ave it wide, wide, wide ;
 'Cause 'e loves 'is little island, loves the country of 'is birth,
 And other people's place o' birth beside.

II

Chinamen are but heathen, niggers are not of God ;
 Germans are Dutch and the French not much, and the Russians are beastly odd ;
 But the man of worth over all the earth is the Briton that goes abroad.
 No doubt but we are the people and we say acceptable things,
 But foreigners speak with a foreign speech and bow to their foreign kings.
 Our blood is thicker than water, and our speech is thicker than ink,
 And thick is the skin we are born within, and thick are the things we think ;
 But our speech is the speech of the English and that is the speech of God,
 And the godliest sound above the ground is the speech of the Briton abroad.

III

Clap goes the yap of my dinky little sailormen,
 Ripping out their chanties in a lingo learned from me.
 They spit into the ditch,
 And give their pants a hitch,
 And sing the right of England to the whole eternal sea.

IV

Ay, these are my Britons three,
 All over the earth's broad face,
 At home and abroad and at sea.
 I sing the song of my race.
 The God of a million stars
 I bring from His seat on high,
 For the special patron of British deeds.
 Who shows Him clearly the path He leads ?
 (" Book ! Buy book ! ") Even I !

*He has drummed his creed in the Times,
 He has made the Government squirm ;
 He has done new crimes with the same old rhymes
 And the flopping of feet infirm.
 But make ye no truce with the anapest, the metre that walks like a worm.*

J. A. MACY.

Herbert Spencer*

Born 1820—Died 1903

By WILLIAM JAMES

IN the death of Mr. Herbert Spencer, England has to deplore the loss of one of the two or three most influential thinkers whom she has given to our generation. Influences can be measured in either of two ways—by their wide and immediate or by their deep and remote effects. For wide and immediate influence Spencer must come before even Darwin. Darwin's influence was primarily over technical circles, and the students whom he directly touched perhaps owed as much to his methods and theoretic temper as to his results. On the "public" his influence has been remote. Of twenty educated men who think they know all "about" Darwinism, hardly one has read of it in the original. Spencer's influence, contrariwise, is not only wide but *direct*. Thousands of readers who are not technical students know him in the original; and to such readers he has given (what they care about far more than either method or theoretic temper) a simple, sublime, and novel system of the world, in which things fall into easy perspective relations, whose explanatory formula applies to every conceivable phenomenon, and whose practical outcome is the somewhat vague optimism which is so important a tendency in modern life. In this enormous popular success of Spencer's works the incomparable superiority of constructive and critical methods is shown. Half the battle is won already by the man who has a positive system to propound. *He* need not waste time in clearing away old views; his view simply makes others obsolete by the fact that it is there. And in awarding "points" to the various candidates for immortality in the "Pantheon of Philosophy," few are entitled to a higher mark than Mr. Spencer on this score of positive and systematic form. Whatever greatness

this quality imports—and surely it is as rare and great as any—belongs to Mr. Spencer in the fullest measure. Who, since he wrote, is not vividly able to conceive of the world as a thing evolved from a primitive fire-mist, by progressive integrations and differentiations, and increases in heterogeneity and coherence of texture and organization? Who can fail to think of life, both bodily and mental, as a set of ever-changing ways of meeting the "environment"? Who has not suddenly at some time grown grave at the thought that the parents' sinful or virtuous habits are inherited by the children, and destined to accumulate from generation to generation while the race endures?

When one tries, however, to give a nearer account of Herbert Spencer's genius, and a more exact appraisal of his importance in the history of thought, one finds the task a hard one, so unique and idiosyncratic was the temperament of the man; and, with all the breadth of ground which his work covered, so narrow and angular was the outline which he personally showed. A pen like Carlyle's might convey a living impression of all the pluses and minuses which Mr. Spencer's character embodied, but a writer like the present critic must surely fail. Carlyle himself, indeed, had he ever tried the task, would have failed. With his so different temperament, the littlenesses of the personage would have tempted his descriptive powers exclusively, and the elements of greatness would have got scant justice from his pen. As a rule, all people in whom a genius like Carlyle's raises a responsive thrill find something strangely exasperating in the atmosphere of Spencer's mind: it seems to them so fatally lacking in geniality, humor, picturesqueness, and poetry, and so explicit, so mechanical, so flat in the panorama which it gives

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of life. "The 'Arry of Philosophy" is a name which we have seen applied to Spencer by one critic of this sort. Another has likened him to a kind of philosophic sawmill, delivering, year in and out, with unvarying rectilinear precision, paragraph after paragraph, chapter after chapter, and book after book, as similar one to another as if they were so many wooden planks. Another, still, says that "his contact is enough to take the flavor out of every truth."

How inexhaustible are the varieties of human character! Every reader of Spencer can recognize the quality in him which provokes reactions such as these. Yet the fact remains that long before any of his contemporaries had seized its universal import, he grasped a great, light-giving truth—the truth of evolution; grasped it so that it became bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; and with a pertinacity of which the history of successful thought gives few examples, had applied it to the whole of life, down to the minutest details of the most various sciences. And how, one may well ask, is profundity and the genuine "spirit of prophecy" ever to be shown in a man, if not by fruits like these? Moreover, although Spencer's intellect is essentially of the deductive and *a priori* order, starting from universal abstract principles and thence proceeding down to facts, what strikes one more than anything else in his writings is the enormous number of facts from every conceivable quarter which he brings to his support, and the unceasing study of minutest particulars which he is able to keep up. No "Baconian" philosopher, denying himself the use of *a priori* principles, has ever filled his pages with half as many facts as this strange species of *a priorist* can show. This unflagging and profuse command of facts is what gives such peculiar weightiness to Mr. Spencer's manner of presenting even the smallest topics. Some of his "Essays" have a really monumental character from this cause. "Manners and Fashion," "The Origin of Laughter," "Illogical Geology," and the reviews of "Bain's Emotions and Will" and "Owen's Archetype

of the Vertebrate Skeleton," immediately occur to the mind as examples. In all his writings on social morals, from "Social Statics" to "The Man versus the State," the same quality is most impressively shown. Yet with this matchless knowledge of certain sets of facts, one may hear it plausibly argued that Spencer is not a "widely informed" man in the vulgar acceptance of the term. He shows, that is, small signs of *desultory* curiosity. His command, *e. g.*, of foreign languages is small, and in the history of philosophy he is obviously unversed. His facts, in short, seem all collected for a purpose; those which help the purpose are never forgotten, those which are alien to it have never caught his eye.

Mr. Spencer's attitude towards religion, again, is slightly paradoxical. Few men have paid it more sincere, explicit respect; and the part called "The Unknowable" of his "First Principles" celebrates the ultimate mysteriousness of things, and the existence of a Supreme Reality behind the veil, in terms whose emphatic character it is hard elsewhere to match. Yet on the whole he passes, and we imagine passes rightly, for an irreligious philosopher. His metaphysical "Absolute" is too ineffable to become active in the system; and an absolute Physics forthwith takes its place. The mystery of things, instead of being "omnipresent," is all neatly swept together into this one chapter, and then dismissed with an affectionate good-by; while all the particular mysteries which later present themselves are quickly explained away, Life being but complicated mechanism, and Consciousness only physical force "transformed," etc., etc. In Mr. Spencer's heroic defence of individualism against socialism and the general encroachment of the state there is a similar seeming incoherence, so marked that one cannot help suspecting his thought to have started from two independent facts, and to be faithful to two ideals. The first one was the old English ideal of individual liberty, culminating in the doctrine of *laissez faire*, for which the book "Social Statics," published in

1851, was so striking a plea. The second was the theory of universal evolution, which seems to have taken possession of Mr. Spencer in the decade which ensued. The Spencerian law of evolution is essentially statistical. Its "integrations," "differentiations," etc., are names for describing results manifested in a collection of units, and the laws of the latter's individual action are, in the main and speaking broadly, hardly considered at all. The fate of the individual fact is swallowed up in that of the aggregate total. And this is the impression (unless our memory betrays us) which Mr. Spencer's dealings with the individual man in society has always given us, so long as the general description of the process of evolution is what he has in hand. He denies free will, as a matter of course; he despises hero-worship and the tendency to ascribe social changes to individual initiative rather than to "general conditions," and in every way tends to minimize the particular concrete man. Society drags the unit along in its fatal tow. Yet in the political writings of Mr. Spencer, with their intense and absolute reliance on individuals, we find the very opposite of this. Deeper students than we are may see the point in his system where these two streams of tendency unite. To us they seem, not perhaps incompatible, but at least detached.

To the present critic, the ethical and political part of Mr. Spencer's writings seems the most impressive and likely to endure. The Biology, the Psychology, the Sociology, even were they abler than they are, must soon become obsolete books; but the antique spirit of English individualism is a factor in human life less changeable than the face of the sciences, and such expressions of it as Spencer has given will probably long deserve to be read. The "Data of Ethics" is unquestionably the most valuable single part of the "Synthetic Philosophy," not for the reason that it makes ethics for the first time "scientific" (although this was probably its chief merit in its author's eyes), but because it gives voice with single energy to one man's ideals con-

cerning human life. Ideals as manly, as humane, as broadly inclusive, and as forcibly expressed are always a force in the world's destinies. The "Data of Ethics" will therefore long continue to be read.

The "Principles of Biology" and of "Psychology" are already somewhat out of date. Spencer's heroic attempt mechanically to explain the genesis of living forms is altogether too coarsely carried out in the former book; and the problems of reproduction and heredity are complicated to-day with elements of which he could know nothing when he wrote.

Of the "Psychology," too, it may be said that not much remains that is of value beyond the general conception, supported by many applications, that the mind grew up in relation to its environment, and that the two cannot be studied apart—a conception that sounded decidedly more original in the '50s and '60s than it does now. The "Sociology" has probably a larger lease of life. It is more recent, and must long be valued as a vast collection of well-arranged anthropological facts. As a chapter in the "System of Philosophy" its value is almost evanescent, for the author's habit of periodically pointing out how well the phenomena illustrate his law of evolution seems quite perfunctory and formal when applied to social facts, so strained and unnatural is it to conceive of these as mechanical changes in which matter is integrated and motion dispersed. It is probable—strange irony of fate!—that the book called "First Principles," although from a strict point of view it is far more vulnerable than anything its author ever wrote, is the work by which the "Synthetic Philosophy" will remain best known to the reading world.

This, however, is very likely as it should be. A man like Spencer can afford to be judged, not by his infallibility in details, but by the bravery of his attempt. He sought to see truth as a whole. He brought us back to the old ideal of philosophy, which since Locke's time had well-nigh taken flight,—the ideal, namely, of a "com-

pletely unified knowledge," into which the physical and mental worlds should enter on equal terms. This was the original Greek ideal of philosophy, to which men surely must return. Spencer has been likened to Aristotle. But he presents far more analogies to Descartes, whose mechanical theory of evolution swept over his age as Spencer's sweeps over ours. And although Spencer can show no such triumphs of detail as Descartes's discoveries of ana-

lytical geometry, of dioptrics, of reflex action, and of perception by the eye, his moral character inspires an infinitely greater sympathy than that of the earlier philosopher. Descartes's life was absolutely egotistic, and he was basely servile to the powers that be. Mr. Spencer's faculties were all devoted to the service of mankind, and few men can have lived whose personal conduct unremittingly trod so close upon the heels of their ideal.

Some Recent Losses to Literature

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE

DEATH has called many notable laborers from the work of the world in the year just closed. Such men as Pope Leo XIII., Lord Salisbury, Sagasta, Abram S. Hewitt, and Frederick Law Olmsted leave vacant places not easy for the world to fill; it is not every day that successors are to be found for scientists like Dr. William Playfair and Dr. R. S. Newton, for artists like Phil May and J. Wells Champney, for composers like Luigi Arditi and Zumpe, for actors the equal to the Frenchman Delaunay or the American Robson, or for such sane, open-handed philanthropists as Lord Rowton and William E. Dodge.

Letters have suffered, as have the fields of affairs, diplomacy, art, science, and the church. Who is to take up the work laid down only the other day by the German Gibbon, the venerable Theodore Mommsen? What successor stands ready to put his hand to the plow which was left standing in the furrow last October when word came of the death of the historian Lecky? Alexander Bain and Herbert Spencer were the last of that unique group of scientists and writers of which Darwin and Huxley were types,—which has so enriched our store of knowledge. Richard Henry Stoddard, who died in May, was himself the last of that "old guard" which numbered Bayard Taylor and Walt Whitman, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson among its members.

In the loss of these five men—Mommsen, Lecky, Spencer, Bain, and Stoddard—literature suffers most, but there is what may be called a second rank in which stood many when the year came whose vacant places to-day are matters of keen regret. Of such were the novelists Shorthouse and Merriman, the poets Henley and Charles Godfrey Leland, and that pathfinder in the realm of the psychological whose volumes have for ten years enjoyed a popularity scarcely second to that of the much-heralded "best sellers," Thomas Jay Hudson. Books like "John Inglesant," and "The Sowers," the "Breitman Ballads," and "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" are not the usual.

Account is to be made too of M. de Blowitz, Paul du Chaillu, and James McNeill Whistler, for "the ambassador of *The Times* in Paris" was a contributor to history as well as to current news, and many a boy knows what he knows of Africa because of the books which tell of Du Chaillu's wanderings there,—and is not "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" a volume quite in a class of its own? These men were picturesque figures, and with them (though stars of a lesser glory) one well may think of old Richard Henry Savage, frontiersman, soldier, lawyer, lecturer, author, cosmopolite, who survived perils by flood and field only to be run down by a cab in the streets of

New York, and of that strange character of the Chicago sweat-shops, Isaac Timin, whom Professor Weiner of Harvard called "the truest poet of the Ghetto," and who heard Death's summons just as he had penned the final line to a real lyric, "I have no time."

Three women writers have died during the twelvemonth: "Edna Lyall," for twenty years an English favorite; M. E. W. Sherwood, "a literary Mrs. Paran Stevens and a feminine Ward McAllister"; and Mrs. Marian Miller, whom thousands of readers have known as "Faith Latimer." The names of three great scholars, who now have left book and pen, are Ernest Legouvé, the doyen of the French Academy at the time of his death; Dr. Marcus Jastrow, whose Talmudic dictionary is an enduring monument to his painstaking learning; and Gaston Paris. Still another three, little known, who yet have added to the store of the world's historical knowledge, are General Edward McGrady, Wilhelm Jordan, and Rufus K. Sewell, whose histories of South Carolina, Haiti, and Maine, respectively, are to-day authoritative.

Twenty-four names already have been recorded of those workers in the world of letters who have died since 1903 came in, yet this is but little more than half the list, which totals forty-four. Canon Farrar and A. J. C. Hare found the time from their clerical duties to write volumes known where the English language is spoken; Julian Ralph, John Forbes-Robertson, and Andrew C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle") were of literature as well as of journalism; while Paul Blouet and Edwin Lord Weeks wrote as well as lectured and painted.

Stevenson once said that the best style written at that day by any American author was that of Henry D. Lloyd; Cobbam's "Cure of Souls," and Farjeon's "Bread and Cheese and

Kisses," and Vandam's "An Englishman in Paris," all are books that have enjoyed wide popularity; Noah Brooks in America, William Westall in England, Otto Cabanis in Germany, and Jens Borschinino in Denmark are men whose names have become household words in the literature of the great middle classes;—and all of these have died during the year.

Shall not Major J. B. Pond be thought of with those men of letters who have now laid by all work? Known the world over as lecturer and lecture manager, and the friend of half the notabilities of literature and science and art of his day, he was also an author of ability,—and such a patron of ability in others as makes his loss the more severe. And shall not the readers of an older generation miss, too, "Edmund Kirke"?—for in the days of his activity James Robert Gilman, "the friend of Lincoln," had won the recognition of such men as Greeley and Holmes and Longfellow.

The three names which close the list of this necrology of 1903 are those of writers less well known. John Paul Bocock had done as yet little save for the magazines, though his work was work of promise; the Chevalier de Scherzer, a traveller for years in the wilds of the North American Northwest as well as in the little beaten paths of Asia, had put on paper only two of the volumes which should tell of his observations; and Henry Vizetelly, journalist and war correspondent, novelist and translator, a man who had never, perhaps, done more than a fraction of the work which the world of letters had a right to expect of him, shall be recalled if only that he was one of the lovable characters who must play their ways through life.

These are the losses of the year. What men have started forward in those twelve months to fill the vacant places?



An Irish Poet and his Work

By EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM

THE landing on our shores of the Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, should stimulate an interest in the Celtic revival of Irish literature, a movement full of beauty and daring which is too little known and appreciated in our world of practical issues.

Mr. Yeats is the central figure of this unique movement, which is an attempt to preserve a nation by the revival, through literature, of its traditions, its legends, its love of beauty, its deathless imagination, its Celtic genius in short, which Matthew Arnold would have us believe is the magical fluid which can transform a Saxon into a poet and has made the immortality of all great English men of song.

There are those who call this revival the "Glamour" movement, and the adjective as used in this connection is the favorite of many who sit in the high places of literary authority; but to some of us this seems an inadequate suggestion of the passionate and beautiful assertion of racial temperament and ideals which has arisen in Ireland since the death of Mr. Parnell and the consequent downfall of political hopes.

The past of Ireland, its story of suffering and wrong, of tragedy and bitter humor, is too well known to require mention. The final result of mismanagement, of the density and selfishness of the governing, the folly and pathetic helplessness of the governed, left the Irish a scattered and dismembered people, who, when not bruising themselves by useless resistance to the mother country or in decimating their population by emigration, were in a mistaken struggle for survival, deliberately surrendering that which is most characteristically and inevitably Irish, without being able to assimilate that which is most characteristically and inevitably English. It is against this last danger, which is neither disintegration of population nor political influence, but a surrendering of national characteristics and temperament, that Mr. Yeats and his colleagues are consciously working.

The Irish poetry of the last century was a despairing cry of famine and pestilence, a fierce clamor for the righting of wrongs, a lament full of dismay and hopelessness. It had the appeal of pathos, the strength of truth, and in its happier moments a wild sweetness, a wind-tossed movement, buoyant, uneven, with insistent, passionate reiteration, but of high poetic excellence it had little. It has remained for this contemporary group of writers to raise Irish poetry to the level of literary art. The inspiration of their literature is as intensely national as that of the last century, but it has ceased to voice political hatred, or the wrongs of a people, and is less an expression of national life than of racial temperament.

The handful of men and women who inspire this movement tell us that in revival of the legend, Celtic imagination, and love of beauty lies the preservation of the most indestructible elements of the Irish consciousness, and that by means of such preservation, national existence, threatened by loss of political power, is to be secured. In speculating as to the success of such an attempt, we must consider the peculiarities of the Irish temperament.

Belief in the unseen, love of the beautiful, and an ideal at once tender and humorous, are in the warp and woof of the Irish nature, for it is an inheritor of that Celtic magic which can dignify superstition, and make a man a poet even in his wine cups. In the peasant consciousness is a shadowy borderland beyond which is the world of the fairies, or "gentlefolk": the soulless creatures, neither good nor evil, who, wild, beautiful, and dangerous, are possessors of an unearthly joy. The human being who falls into their hands will lose memory of duty, or time, or tears, and on returning to the world of man will live haunted by unrest, the yearning for illusive faces and unseen beauty. The Irish are under the necessity of idealizing every-day things; a dust cloud does not suggest germs of ty-

phoid or other unpleasantness, for they know that fairies dance in the dust clouds. "I don't believe in hell, it is only a place invented by the priests to frighten people into being good," said an Irishwoman; "but I do believe in fairies," she added, "for fairies stand to reason." A constable on missing a young girl instituted a material search of closet and shed; but advised people at the same time to burn up the ragweed, which is sacred to fairies. So as the fields blazed the hunt went on, a constable repeating spells the while.

The Irishman is a creature of delicious extravagance, who has always cultivated the lovely folly at the expense of the potato patch. May he long continue to do so!

"Drumcliff and Rosses were, are, and ever shall be, please Heaven! places of unearthly resort," says Mr. Yeats, in his "Celtic Twilight," and it is evident that the Irish love their fairies as much as they fear them. Even the priests have been obliged to make terms with them, though they have sorrowfully decided that they have no souls, and must disappear like bright vapor on the judgment day when God will burn up the world with a kiss.

To the peasant mind, fairyland is a spot of mingled fear and fascination; to that of the poet, it is a symbol of unseen and immortal beauty, for which it is better to search and hunger hopelessly, than to find and be content with earthly joy.

The leaders of this imaginative people would seem to be justified in believing that it is to be preserved and elevated by intellect and literature rather than by political ascendancy or the extension of commerce.

A belief in the glory of Ireland's dead ages, and in the latent power and beauty of her living days, is the vitalizing flame of this revival. "Have we," asks Lionel Johnson in the organ of their national theatre,

No fire of song, of vision, of white dream
Fit for the master of the heavenly gleam,
For him who first made Ireland move in chime
Musical from the misty dawn of time?

To those who point out the pitiful array of defeat and famine which constitutes the historical past of Ireland, the patriot of the twentieth century will answer that his country has been continuously superior in music, literature, and art, and he will point out the reverence in which she held all men of letters at times when they received ridicule and neglect from the hands of prosperous neighbors. Irish scholars assert furthermore that their countrymen were the first to possess the gift of rhyme, so curiously absent from Greek and Roman verse, and that their country was the fountain-head of the great Norse literature, of the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Lay of Gudrun*, the *Arthurian Romance*, and much of Shakespeare.

The Irishman of this period may be said to be always remembering, listening to the echoes of the myths and ideals of the past, and it is a significant fact in this connection that more folklore has been collected and published in the last five years than during the foregoing fifty.

A nostalgia for unseen and immortal loveliness is the dominating note of this poetry, and it is in the work of William B. Yeats that the tendency finds its most vital and beautiful expression. "How," he asks, "can one be interested in the rising and setting of the sun, and in the work that men do under the sun, when the mistress that one loves is hidden behind the gates of death; and it may be behind a thousand gates besides—gate beyond gate."

At their own confessing, this little community "follows after shadows," believing them to be more immortal than substance. Theirs is a poetry of symbols, and they share the danger common to all symbolists, which is that of emphasizing the arbitrary and material form of the symbol at the expense of its spiritual significance. This fault leads to a dry and distressing confusion. A symbolic formula that is to them laden with suggestions of beauty and spirituality, becomes to those unfamiliar with "the signature of symbol" a meaningless category of fantastic and

often absurd images. There is no better example of this danger than in the verse of Mr. Yeats, in which Mongan laments the change that has come upon him and his beloved:

Do you not hear me calling, white deer with
No horns! I have been changed to a hound
With one red ear;—I have been in the
Path of stones and the wood of thorns,—
For somebody hid hatred and hope and
Desire and fear—under my feet that they
Follow you night and day. A man with
A hazel wand came without sound. He
Changed me suddenly; I was looking another
Way: and now my calling is but the calling
Of a hound; and Time and Birth and Change are
Hurrying by. I would that the boar without bristles
Had come out from the West—and had rooted
Sun and moon and stars out of the sky—and
Lay in darkness, grunting, and turning to his rest.

To the happy few initiated into the mysteries of Irish mythology these lines may contain suggestions of the mystic and the beautiful, but to the rest of us they present a stupefying array of unrelated images. Convinced that no one would dare to appear so meaningless unless meaning a great deal, we ask ourselves feverishly why the hound should have a red ear, and if he calls to the white deer because of it, or because somebody has hid hatred and hope and desire and fear under his feet; and why the man with the hazel wand should have changed him; and what "Time" and "Change" and "Birth" have to do with any of it; and last of all, why the red hound should have wanted this particular, bristleless boar to come out of the West. In the excessive revival of Irish mythology the writers of this group are in danger of localizing their work by rendering it unintelligible to the great reading public.

Mr. Yeats, who has been called the standard-bearer of this revival, is a writer of rare and exquisite imagination; I know of no living poet more truly a poet, more truly the possessor of that illusive something known as the "poetic quality." His lines are drenched with it. We close the pages of his slender volumes, and our senses

are drugged with beauty. We have been carried far, into a more "dream-heavy land, dream-heavy hour than this," and been given visions of a world of mystical and magical loveliness. His poetry suggests remoteness; and may be said to belong among the elements, as do flame and wind.

"The Countess Kathleen," a lyric drama, is perhaps his best-known work, but in "The Land of the Heart's Desire," a lyric in dramatic form, are to be found some of his most beautiful lines. Both of these poems are woven from the stuff of Irish tradition, and stand to-day as Mr. Yeats's most symmetrical and perfect works. "The Countess Kathleen" marks his nearest approach to dramatic poignancy; the horror of famine is there, the ghastly forest half hidden in "vapor and twilight," and the plague-stricken land where wander "dismayed souls of those now newly dead" with the demons waiting to ensnare them. A yellow and deadly vapor hangs and creeps about the fields, demons pace to and fro, buying the souls of the peasants for gold and plenty, and the terrified people

go in throngs,
Like autumn leaves blown by the dreary winds,

while on all sides,

Bat-like, from bough, and roof, and window ledge,
Cling evil souls of men, and in the woods,
Like streaming flames, floated upon the winds
The elemental creatures.

All this is hauntingly suggestive, and the play is full of beauty and a certain power, but it is doubtful if its author ever rises to the height and strength of tragedy.

In "The Land of the Heart's Desire" is the calling of timeless voices from the unseen to those who dwell amid the warmth and comfort of material things. As I have said, though consigned to comparative oblivion, "The Land of the Heart's Desire" contains some of Mr. Yeats's most beautiful work. His charm is imaginative

rather than thoughtful, but in this poem we come upon such lines as these, where the priest defends childish fault:

We must be tender with all budding things,
Our Maker let no thought of Calvary
Trouble the morning stars in their first song.

And in the lines of Shawn Bruin to his love, where, I would, he tells her,

Crowd the enraptured quiet of the skies
With candles burning to your lonely face,

we find a beautiful serenity and loftiness.

You love that great tall fellow there,

says the child fairy to the young bride,

Yet I could make you ride upon the winds,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountain like a flame.

The magic of Celtic genius is here, and that mystical Something, deathless and timeless, which since the labor of centuries began has been vouchsafed to a few of the chosen.

In a later work, "Shadowy Waters," he takes us to a world of "cloudy waters" and "glimmering winds," (The determined critic might reasonably question the possibility of glimmering winds.) The poem is a pale, lovely, and illusive monotone, but indefinite almost to futility. Three so-called dramas, "Cathleen ni Hoolihan," "On Baile's Strand," and "Where There Is Nothing, There Is God," have been published during the last three years, and are drawn, as is most of his work, from Irish folklore and Celtic mythology. They do not stand for Mr. Yeats's best work. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is a bald and commonplace utterance compared with "The Countess Kathleen," "The Land of the Heart's Desire," or almost any of his lyrics, a volume of which, "The Wind among the Reeds," was crowned by the London Academy in 1899.

In "The Celtic Twilight," "The Secret Rose," and "Ideas of Good and Evil," Mr. Yeats has shown that beside the poetic gift he has that of musical,

vigorous prose, which is as lucid as it is beautiful, and with so much to thank him for it seems ungrateful to reproach him for absence of the moral and intellectual significance which constitutes the greatness of the greatest poets, but just this reproach must be made him. The first requirement of a poet is that he should have a thirst for, and perception of, immortal beauty, and possess the power of inspiring us with the same thirst and perception; but in applying the final touchstone we ask whether we are stronger and happier because this poet has passed our way, or whether we see the world more drearily because of the beauty beyond it. From reading the larger part of Mr. Yeats's work we must confess that we do so see the world. His poetry shows exceptions to this rule. Some work he has done in which there is the beauty of courage and lofty purpose, besides beauty of the imagination, and then we see earthly things more beautifully because informed with inner radiance, and laboring days exalted and ennobled because of the flame of spiritual life, but there are too few of these exceptions. In most of his work he will have the world a dun-colored and delapidated spot of burnt-out fires, the echo of lost voices,

And ever pacing on the verge of things
The phantom beauty in a mist of tears.

His lines are haunted with a sense of remoteness and loss, a knowledge of things that have passed eternally away. He tells us that

The days
Grown desolate, whisper and sigh to each other,

which is beautiful, but depressing; and again:

I bring you with reverent hands
The book of my numberless dreams,
White woman that passion has worn
As the tide wears the dove-gray sands.
And with heart more old than the horn
That is brimmed from the pale fire of time,
White woman with numberless dreams,
I bring you my passionate Rhyme.

There are critics who reproach Mr. Yeats with a dangerous leaning toward the school of French symbolists as represented by those poets who dislike the sunlight, and cannot endure the laugh of a healthy man; and we cannot help wishing that he did not profess so great an admiration for "faint outlines, faint colors, faint energies," and feel in sympathy with such lines as "The very sunlight's weary, and it's time to quit the plough."

But in this school of French "decadence" where many see exhausted or degraded energies and sensuous beauty in guise of spiritual raiment, Mr. Yeats insists there is regeneration, an "Autumn of the Flesh" in which the gates are flung wide that have hitherto barred the way to an adoring mysticism and the beauty of unearthly things. In an introduction to a recent volume of his works, Mr. Yeats writes that in the kingdom of poetry "there is no peace that is not joyous, no battle that does not give life instead of death." And one is glad to believe that such an ideal will be the final utterance of a poet who is one of the few men of genius alive to-day.

A note of longing, a deathless plaint for lost beauty and joy, is heard in varying degrees through all this so-called glamour movement. Beauty is liberated from any special human significance. The human side of nature, that which is seen and perceived by the senses, is almost wholly neglected, and religion is lost in mysticism. But this is the reaction of individual feeling. The intellectual revival as a whole is full of hope and courage.

Next in poetic importance to Mr. Yeats stand A. E., or George Russell, Nora Hopper, Lionel Johnson, Katherine Tynan-Hinkson, and Moira O'Neil. Of A. E. Mr. Yeats writes: "He has written an ecstatic pantheistic poetry which reveals in all things a kind of scented flame consuming them from within"; and speaks of Lionel Johnson as having "renounced the world and built up a twilight world instead, where all the colors are like the colors in a rainbow that is cast by the moon, and all the people as far from the

modern tumult as the people upon fading and dropping tapestries."

Douglas Hyde has written much in the Gaelic tongue, and made invaluable collections of folklore. Nor does the movement lack organized societies. An Irish Literary Society is in London, and the National Literary Society in Dublin is responsible for the Irish Literary Theatre which gives the most lofty and daring expression to the ideals of this revival. The founders of the literary theatre tell us their plays are as the preparation of a priesthood, and that they will be remote, ideal, in order that people may escape from the "stupefying memory of the theatre of commerce." That these aims have been successfully and enthusiastically realized in this material age, that the Irish playgoer can be held by the mystical and the beautiful, while our civilization demands the adventures of glorified dime novels or the psychological and dubious paths of the "problem play," is to his eternal honor.

As a brief generalization of the poets of this period, I may say that, though varying in temperament and excellence, they are united in their passionate nationalism and their fervor of spiritual belief. Again and again they speak of the pain of dreams which is sought by king and lover, and prized more than the joy of earth; again and again they dwell upon immortal beauty, and

. . . seek alone to hear the strange things said
By God to the bright souls of those long dead,
And learn to chant a tongue men do not know.

To those who claim that all poets have sung of these things since the beginning, and that Irishmen deserve no especial praise for it, we must answer that few communities have sounded the note with such unanimity and persistence, or been able even temporarily to hold aloft such ideals as a standard of national existence. Their aims are high and difficult of reach, and their struggle is against diminishing population, native indolence, lack of education, and bitter political hatred, old as tradition, of the power that governs them, and into which, in spite of their hatred, the discouraged, scattered, and dismem-

bered people are likely to become submerged. The point at issue is whether the word "Irish" is to stand for an individual civilization, strong in national consciousness and vitalized by national tradition, or is to signify a mere racial strain flickering through the composite people of great governing countries.

Whether success or failure attend their efforts, and though the ultimate salvation of Ireland may come rather from the efforts of her practical workers (the Land-Leaguers for instance) than from those of her poets, all honor is

due to the handful of men and women who, willing, nay anxious, to sink all questions of revenge for centuries of wrong, dare to face this age of steam and steel with the vision of the soul, and work out the salvation of their well-beloved country not through the right of might, or the power of commerce, or the triumph of political enterprise, but by preservation and development of those things of the intellect and of the spirit which have constituted the immortality of all great civilizations.

Some American Portrait Painters*

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

I WONDER if American fashionable people would be so eager to be painted by Sargent, if he had always maintained his studio in New York? Also, if foreigners like Chartran, who has never had any considerable reputation in his own country, and like Carolus-Duran and Madrazo, who have lost what they may have had, would be so excessively in vogue with American fashionables, but that they are foreigners, and therefore *de bon ton*. For I understand that it is *de règle* with our "swell set" to purchase everything, as far as possible, that is of foreign manufacture.

Now, one of the characteristics of Sargent, obvious to all who can read between the lines, is that, like Watteau in his era, he is immeasurably indifferent to the class of people whom he represents; that with him the artistic interest in the picture is a *parti pris* so complete as to exclude almost every other consideration. Equally complete, from a very different point of view, is the indifference of the other painters I have named, whose number might be increased by the names of many others who cross the sea, like the buccaneers of old, with an adventurous eye upon our easy American Eldorado. If they have any sense of humor, they must paint with their tongue in their cheek, as they palm off upon their credulous

patrons — *comment appelle-t-on ?* 'vat you call it?' — "green-goods."

Two reflections suggest themselves. In the so-called old and effete civilizations wealth is apt to be synonymous with culture, or, at any rate, finds it convenient to pose as if it were; and, when it wants its portrait painted, seeks out the painters who have a recognized standing in their own community. Secondly, the Latin word "*vulgus*" means a mob, a body of people who herd together, and, consequently, that straight thinking finds as much vulgarity in a swell mob as in one of merely "common" people. These rather cynical reflections have been recently enforced by the Portrait Exhibition with its announcement—*horribile dicta!*—"Treasures of art worth millions"! Was it in sadness that a member of the artists' committee whispered into one's ear: "You must remember that some of the pictures *had* to be admitted,—Mrs. This and Mrs. That—you understand?"

So much has been written of Sargent and Whistler, that it is unnecessary in any survey of American portrait painters to consider them very closely, more especially as their Americanism is their least conspicuous characteristic. Yet one cannot omit a brief comparison of them, since they represent such antipodes of motive, linked together,

* Copyright 1903, by Charles H. Caffin.

however, by a similarity of artistic intention. Each is a painter in the first and last analysis, a portraitist only perforce of circumstances. The painter problem occupies them primarily; but, whereas Sargent seems to be enamored of the externals of form and costume, Whistler sought the inward significance of both. Thus his portraits may readily seem tame beside those of Sargent, and the latter commonplace and noisy when compared with his. They represent the opposite poles of objectivity and subjectivity, and are mutually destructive. Both have had an immense influence on the character of American portrait-painting; Sargent in the encouragement of a certain bravura in the method of brushwork, so that smoothness and finish of surface has been replaced by virile strokes, which are full of meaning, incidentally interesting; and Whistler, indirectly, alluring the painter to a subtler regard for discriminations of tone and for the distinction that inheres in reticence and noble quietude. Each drew inspiration from Velasquez and interpreted what he had learnt according to his particular temperament, and in between the styles they thus respectively created, if we also allow something for the direct influence of Franz Hals, we may find a place for all our modern painters who have distinguished themselves in portrait use.

Before particularizing them, it is convenient to note how large a part the mental calibre of the artist plays in the final character of the portrait. The latter is often a more complete revelation of the artist than of the sitter; displaying unerringly what there is of bigness or of littleness in the man behind the brush. Now this is a subject so invidious when one is considering the work of the individual, that it is pleasanter to state it in general terms, and leave the reader to apply it as he sees fit; and fairer, too, since the painter's mental equipment is something for which he is only partially responsible. On the other hand, if we come to a silent conclusion that many of our portrait-painters are deficient in mental power, and vastly more inclined

to think through their lungs or wrists than through their brains, it should not be forgotten that this is equally true of the painters of other countries and that those who enforce a skill of technique with mental power are everywhere in a minority.

Linking the present with the past is the venerable figure of Daniel Huntington. Born in 1816, a year after the death of Copley, while Gilbert Stuart, the rival of Reynolds and Gainsborough, was painting in Boston, he has lived through the careers of the Peales, of Alston, Sully, Jarvis, Chester Harding, Healy, Inman, Hunt, and Charles Loring Elliott. Only eight years younger than he is Eastman Johnson, who received his training at Düsseldorf, but has kept in touch with modern developments and, being a man of distinguished character, and a fine colorist, has produced some of the most forceful and dignified of American portraits. He has had the power of investing with permanent value the kind of portrait which may be conveniently summarized as that of the Bank President; the portrait of the man of finance, a tribute from his colleagues, destined to commemorate his personality on the walls of the Board Room; pictures that will be studied in time to come, as we study to-day the portraits of the old Dutch burghers, to discover of what stuff were the builders of that commonwealth. Such men have parts and qualities that are not to be represented adequately except by painters who have something akin in their own composition, parts and qualities of corresponding force.

Once in a while Sargent hits off this type, as in his recent portrait of Mr. Alexander J. Cassatt, but usually his artistic prepossession interferes with the direct incisiveness of method that such a subject demands. How his point of view may wobble between what he actually sees, and what he would like to see, can be observed in his two portraits of Mr. P. A. B. Widener. In one of them the man of millions has his back to a large and evidently costly picture and is using the frame as a rest on which to rest



From

The Magazine of Art

THE DAUGHTERS OF A. WERTHEIMER, ESQ.

By J. S. Sargent

his person. Here, surely, there is a laugh for posterity, but perhaps scarcely an insight into what made this man a power in his generation. Yet possibly there is. "Beati possidentes," as Bismarck used to say; he has the picture and the wherewithal for many more, let the other poor devil of a fellow enjoy, if he is minded to, the æsthetic satisfaction! But the painter who can be relied upon with most certainty to accomplish this kind of portrait is Frederick P. Vinton, born at Bangor, Maine, in 1846, and a pupil of Hunt. His portraits are truly masculine, characterized by a sturdy, prosaic independence, by the deficiency as well as the sufficiency of the democratic ideal.

Other men of his standing in years are Thomas Eakins, Benjamin C. Porter, Frank Duveneck, and Wyatt Eaton. Eakins's masterpiece is the "Surgical Clinic of Professor Gross," which belongs to the Jefferson College collection in Philadelphia. The fine head of the Doctor occupies almost the centre of the picture, as calmly and lucidly he explains to the tiers of students, assembled in the amphitheatre, the progress of the operation which is being conducted on the table beside him. Contrasted with his impassive intelligence is the concentrated eagerness of the surgeon as he plies his scalpel, of the students who are holding back the flesh from the wound, and of him who is administering the anæsthetic. The light is centred on the table, gleaming upon white cloths, the white limb, the instruments, the livid wound, and spots of blood. With a passivity as complete as the professor's, and an observation as minutely searching as the surgeon's, Eakins has grasped the scene, recording it with a direct force and yet with a breadth of realization, that includes in a scheme of chiaroscuro its artistic suggestion. There is no other painter in this country, few elsewhere, who could have treated the same subject at once so realistically and so pictorially. The same combination of qualities is repeated in his portrait of "The Cello Player," but usually the realism stands forth unimpaired by any other con-

sideration; sometimes with a result that is too dryly prosaic. But in one instance, at least, that of the "Portrait of Mr. Louis Kenton," the very crudity of the realism is in the highest degree impressive. The figure is ungainly, the shoulders lifted by the hands being thrust into the trousers pockets, the head slightly bowed in the gesture of concentrated thought. The subject, indeed, has been surprised as he is pacing the floor, deep in some mental abstraction; he seems utterly unaware of the painter's presence, and the latter has forgotten himself in his absorption in the subject. As a result, the truth of the representation is so extraordinarily convincing, that one loses sight of the ugliness of the picture and becomes fascinated by the revelation of life and character.

Duveneck's portraits, executed in the seventies after his return from Munich, those, for example, of his wife and of Charles Dudley Warner, are full of force and distinction with an unaffected suggestion of the grand manner. Similar qualities belong also to the "Mrs. R. W. Gilder" by Wyatt Eaton, hung in the recent Portrait Exhibition. But Eaton's career was cut short in 1890 at the age of forty-one, while Duveneck has long since withdrawn from portraiture, and the loss of both has been a serious one to American art. For, besides being painters of eminent quality, they were men of parts, whose work had that none-too-usual *cachet* of superiority. There are passages in the Gilder portrait which could be matched with a fine Reynolds, or with the portraits of the Venetian masters, while the picture has that noble dignity, as forceful as it is serene, which characterizes the work of the great masters; just those qualities, in fact, which most modern painting conspicuously lacks.

Porter would seem to have based his method, so far as the pictorial arrangement goes, upon the old English school, setting his women and children against garden backgrounds, in a manner that is always decorative. Moreover, his portraits have the further charm of sympathetic feeling for the sitter. I



MISS KITTY
By J. J. Shannon

would like to have written "reverence" but that it is a word so out of fashion and so little understood in these days. Yet the antithesis of it, the irreverence, displayed in so many modern portraits, should be patent to any careful student. In all the great schools, the artist had either a reverence for his subject or so much respect for himself and his art, that he commands our reverence for his work. To-day the lack of either, as demonstrated in our exhibitions and notably in the late Portrait Exhibition, is appalling. Mediocrity and cleverness, alike, too often flaunt themselves at the expense of the sitter. But apparently the public do not notice it; while the painter can put into his picture only what is in himself; and too frequently what he has n't got he does n't value.

As an antidote to such gloomy reflections let us recall the "Miss French (Lady Cheylesmore)" of Abbott H. Thayer. Here again is the grand manner: noble amplitude of composition, sonorous color, an exquisite tenderness of dignity; the sign-manual of a truly artistic spirit, absorbed in reverence for his art as for his subject. Which it be, or whether it be both, need not be searched home, for either way leads to great results; and a painter can hardly have a high feeling for his art without transferring something of it to the subject which for the time being enables him to exercise it.

A similarly high tone pervades the work of George de Forest Brush, whose best achievements in portraiture have been associated with the portrayal of his wife and children. He has repeated these studies, and examples of them are represented in the collections of the Pennsylvania Academy and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Such is the elevation of their style and feeling, that they create, whenever they appear, an atmosphere of their own, which is apt to be too rarefied for neighboring portraits.

The portraits of Thomas W. Dewing are invested with a corresponding aloofness, though for very different reasons. They exhale an atmosphere of their own, but redolent of aromatics rather

than rarefied; exerting, not an elevating, but an entrancing influence by their exquisite preciosity of sentiment and technique. Dewing would appear to be little concerned with the objectivity of the sitter, but invests her with qualities that fit her for companionship with his pictorial conception of the sex: elegantly lean women in ravishing toilets, standing or sitting trancelike in veiled atmosphere, mysteriously sensuous, wrapt in a consciousness of self so complete that the consciousness is lost in a *dolce far niente* of feelingless existence. If among all his delicate creations, the earlier picture of a lady at a piano gives the widest pleasure, it is because in this the musical suggestion of the harmony of blacks and browns strikes a richer, fuller tone than usual. Nor do its strains float off into speculative vagueness, but concentrate around and enrich the gracious personality of the lady. She herself is the source and the recipient of the artist's imagination; spirituality and humanness are mutually allied.

Such a union, though very differently garbed, appears in the portraits by Robert Henri. His work has been strongly affected by study of Velasquez, and is seen at its best in tall upright panels, where the figure emerges from a dark but luminous background, itself clothed wholly or in part in black. The tones are generous, the sweep of line distinguished, the scaffolding of the picture strong; and upon these virile qualities he builds an overlay of sensitiveness, displayed in the tender discrimination of the tonal values, in the delicate fugitive gesture of the figure and in the expression of the face. It is a combination of robustness and subtlety, a wedding of the masculine with femininity, that results in a fine gravity of style, impregnated with sensibility.

Such a union is to be found also in the portraits by Wilton Lockwood. Since he painted, some seven years ago, "The Violinist," in which the head and hands make spots of color and expression in a scheme of silvery grey tones, or "The Master of the Foxhounds," where the scarlet coat is re-



THE PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR

By Cecilia Beaux



PORTRAIT BY AMANDA BREWSTER SEWELL

lieved of harshness by the fire-lighted atmosphere, his style has broadened and matured, losing nothing of its sentiment of intellectual dreaminess or of its sensuous sobriety of tonal effects, but adapting itself flexibly to the variety of personages upon which it has been expended. How varied Lockwood's subjects have been was shown in the exhibition of his work which

was held in New York in the spring of 1902, when those who had seen only scattered examples of his pictures were surprised and delighted at the scope both of their character and treatment. In all his portraits he is happy in seizing some pose or gesture characteristic, in a most interesting way, of the subject, and makes that the basis of his color scheme and brushwork, so that



PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE
By Frank Duveneck

each of them is not only very artistic but has a logical sufficiency; and the net conclusion to be drawn from all of them is, that his art is the most psychologic of our portrait-painters, with the possible exception of John W. Alexander.

One may discover some affinity between the work of these two artists; not only in the partiality of both for coarse canvas and thin, transparent colors, with consequent accentuation of the atmospheric effects, but also in the quick seizure of a gesture, in the spontaneity of expression thereby rendered, and in a corresponding attitude of watchfulness for the subtler traits of character in the sitter. Their difference, while, of course, to a large extent personal, is also one of different environment. Lockwood's subjects being drawn from New England, his work has necessarily a certain prevalence of one note and that a little severely pitched; whereas, Alexander's long sojourn in Paris, and his touch with all kinds of people are reflected in the greater variety of his method and its more evident celerity and *finesse* . Yet this last quality, reaching such *espionnerie* in his portrait of "Mrs. Thomas Hastings," is neither the limit nor the main feature of his work. This may be better summed up by the generality of "sympathetic"; by which, for the moment, I mean that he is not so much intent upon playing his own instrument, as upon offering himself an instrument, keenly sensitive to the touch of the sitter's personality. Hence he has produced portraits so essentially different as that of "Mr. John W. Alexander," "Miss Dorothy Roosevelt," "Rodin," and the one mentioned above. He can, in fact, represent with equal felicity the man of affairs, the maidenly reserve of a young girl, the subtlety of a great artist, or the *chic* elegance of a brilliant and fashionable woman; a *résumé*, incomplete in itself, but wide enough to suggest his versatility and the many facets of his comprehension.

When versatility is upon the tongue, the name of William M. Chase must follow, since few American artists have

shown an equal facility in so many mediums, or essayed such variety of subject. It is at the expense, however, of some qualities of more durable value, and this painter may hope to be judged later, not by his extraordinary productiveness, but by some occasional instances of extra-serious conviction, such as his portrait of Mr. Roos and of his wife, the "Woman with White Shawl," the latter being a memorable item among modern American masterpieces.

His wife has also inspired one of the best works of J. Carroll Beckwith, which shares importance, however, with his "Portrait of Mr. Walton." In those were declared the knowledge which has made Mr. Beckwith one of the influences upon art in this country; and if, in his later work, seduced, as one may be disposed to feel, sometimes, at any rate, by the example of Sargent, he has been less successful, it is because he allows himself to be allured from his particular bias. This is toward a distinguished use of line and composition, rather than a pronounced feeling for color; and, as a consequence, toward quiet self-control rather than the bewilderment of the magician. Some of his portraits of women and children, when characterized by simplicity and reticence, are charming.

Among our best painters of children are Frank W. Benson, Rosina E. Sherwood, Albert Sterner, and Louise Cox. Benson is the artist of larger range, with a remarkable instinct for decoration, exhibited in mural paintings as well as easel pictures, and a faculty of representing effects of sunshine, which gives his work a peculiar buoyancy of feeling. He is another exponent of virility, tempered with exceeding tenderness of animation. While another Boston artist, Joseph R. De Camp, has done some charming pictures of women and children, his most notable works have been occasional portraits of men. These are of unusual merit, revealing that searching analysis, here applied to character, which has made him one of the best painters of the nude in America. It was also as a painter of men that the late A. D. Collins reached his



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN
By Robert Henri

happiest achievement, the portrait of the "Rev. W. S. Rainsford" being perhaps his strongest work.

A fine example of a strong portrait of a very remarkable man is J. Alden Weir's picture of a brother artist, Albert Ryder. It illustrates his capacity of seeing with equal directness the facts and their significance, a gift that he has demonstrated in many beautiful

and such is the genuineness of the artistic impulse which has prompted them, that time, one may feel sure, will establish their right to be and to endure. From my own personal experience I can speak of the earlier and later impression produced by portraits like those of his children riding upon donkeys, and the "Mrs. Davis" in the recent Portrait Exhibition. I have



MR. WILLIAM WINTER

By F. D. Millet

landscapes of New England scenery. Imagination is at the back of all his work; and sometimes it plays simply around the subject, as in one or two portraits of young women, full of the lovely suggestion of maidenhood, and then again in more abstruse directions, involved with experimentalism. Hence some of his later portraits have been difficult to accept; they seem at first sight *bizarre*, which, however, removes them at once from the commonplace;

seen them many times, and first with something of a shock; but that has worn off, and been replaced by a very sincere delight. The "Mrs. Davis," for example, is extraordinarily choice as a study of tone, while the painting of the flesh, for pure, unglazed naturalness, could scarcely be excelled.

As a painter of women's portraits Cecilia Beaux is an artist peculiarly American. She has the masculine breadth of technique, allied to a point



THE CAFÉ
By John W. Alexander



MRS. DURYEA

By John W. Alexander

of view exclusively feminine; so feminine, indeed, that the traits which she represents, while they come to us from a man like Sargent, for example, with all the piquancy of a discovery, have in her representation an obviousness which is apt to be a little dry and prosaic. So inevitable is her comprehension of the female, that only once in a while does she penetrate beyond

the outworks of the conventional in costume and demeanor; and yet from the virility of her technique there is scarcely a portrait of hers which does not arouse some enthusiasm. If one's reasoning is correct, it explains why her portraits of men are less satisfactory; notwithstanding which, a recent one of "Richard Watson Gilder" seems certainly to be among her best produc-

tions, so full is it of *intimité*, besides being very rich in color, and generally magisterial in treatment.

The "Miss Kitty" of J. J. Shannon, which gained the gold medal at the first Carnegie Exhibition, was a work of genuine charm, having a quiet dignity

Other artists who have succeeded notably in rendering the charm of womanhood are Amanda Brewster Sewell, Irving R. Wiles, Dana Marsh, Lydia Field Emmet, Francis Lathrop, and Frank D. Millet. To these might be added the name of Louis Loeb, al-



MR. ALBERT RYDER
By J. Alden Weir

and beautiful expression. He was represented later in this country by the portrait of a young lady, ascending a flight of stairs, which revealed similar qualities of reticence and grace. Since then he has essayed a more showy kind of picture, lacking the earlier charm, and comparatively commonplace.

though his best work is probably the portrait of "Israel Zangwill," a character study of peculiar searchingness. Space forbids a fuller reference to the work of these artists or to that of Robert W. Vonnoh, Frank Fowler, Douglas Volk, Kenneth Frazier, and August Franzen.



THE MASTER OF THE FOXHOUNDS
By Wilton Lockwood



MOTHER AND CHILD
By Geo. De Forest Brush



ISRAEL ZANGWILL
By Louis Loeb

Some Recent Autobiography

Senator Hoar's Reminiscences, Stoddard's Recollections

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

I

HISTORY, POLITICS, AND GOSSIP

THE present publishing season has been unusually rich in biographies and autobiographies, not only books that are entertaining reading, but books that have a permanent value. Among those that are both entertaining and valuable, Senator Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years" * should have a high place. Of this book, which is in two stout volumes, we had a foretaste in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*, but the few chapters that appeared there only whetted public appetite for more. They were the oysters and olives; the book is the substantial roast.

Senator Hoar has a most engaging style; even when he takes up the great political questions of the day he does so with a light and airy touch. His book is bound to be widely read, not only because of the public interest in the writer, but because it is virtually a history of his own time.

Senator Hoar has "known personally and quite intimately, or has known intelligent and trustworthy persons who have known personally and quite intimately," many men who had a great share in the history of this country and in its literature for a hundred and thirty years. In his younger days there were among his kindred and near friends persons who knew the great actors of the Revolutionary time and the time which followed till he came to manhood himself. Unfortunately, though a Yankee, he did not ask questions. If he had, and had recorded the answers, he could have written a large part of the political and literary history of the United States. He never kept a diary, except for a few and brief

periods, and in writing his memoirs he has been obliged to trust to his memory. An old man's autobiography is pretty certain to be garrulous, Senator Hoar thinks, but no one can accuse this book of that crime. Another danger for a man who tells the story of great transactions in which he has taken part, is that he is apt to claim, consciously or unconsciously, that he himself brought the whole thing about. "Papa" said the little boy to the veteran of the Civil War, "did anybody help you to put down the Rebellion?" This peril specially besets narrators in their old age. "I am afraid," exclaims Senator Hoar, "that I can hardly escape it." But he has; he boasts not, neither is he garrulous.

If any critic thinks this book "lacking in dignity or wisdom or modesty," the writer hopes that by way of offset it may make up for it in sincerity. "I have," says the Senator, "so far lived in this world without secrets. If my countrymen, or the people of Massachusetts, have trusted me, they have fully known what they were doing. 'They had eyes and chose me.'"

Senator Hoar came of an old New England family. His mother was a daughter of Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and she lived in her mother's house, opposite the College in New Haven, until her marriage in 1812. By birth and training he is a New England man, but it is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that claims him as her son. Senator Hoar was born in Concord August 29, 1826. His grandfather, two great-grandfathers, and three of his father's uncles were at Concord Bridge in the Lincoln Company, of which his grandfather, Samuel Hoar, whom he well remembers, was lieutenant, on the 19th of April, 1775.

In writing of his boyhood in Concord Senator Hoar says:

* "Autobiography of Seventy Years." By George F. Hoar. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. \$7.50.

I have never got over being a boy. It does not seem likely that I ever shall. I have to-day, at the age of threescore and sixteen, less sense of my own dignity than I had when at sixteen I walked for the first time into the College Chapel at Harvard, clad, as the statute required, in a "black or black-mixed coat, with buttons of the same color," and the admiring world, with its eyes on the venerable freshman, seemed to me to be saying to itself, "Ecce caudam!"—Behold the tail!

Having been born and lived so much of his life in Concord, Senator Hoar was well acquainted with the famous men of letters who have given that town its unique reputation. Emerson came to live in Concord in the summer of 1835, but Senator Hoar does not think his influence upon the town was very great for the first fifteen or twenty years of his life there.

Indeed [he writes], I think he would have said that the town had more influence upon him than he had upon it. The Concord people, like the general public, were slow in coming to know his great genius. He was highly respected always. But the people were at first puzzled by him. His life was somewhat secluded. He spent his days in study and in solitary walks.

Senator Hoar pays more than a passing tribute to Charles Emerson, the brother of Ralph Waldo, whom the latter regarded as the strongest influence in his life, although he was several years younger.

Hawthorne had just published some short stories and gained a little celebrity when he came to Concord. He was poor, however, and had a good deal of difficulty in gaining a decent living for himself and his young wife. Mr. Hoar knew Mrs. Hawthorne very well. She was a great friend of his eldest sister, and used to visit his father's house when he was a boy, before she was married. He helped to get the Hawthorne house ready for them while they were absent on their wedding journey, when he was a boy of fourteen or fifteen. He never knew Hawthorne except

as a stately figure, whom I saw sometimes in Concord streets and sometimes in his own home. He rarely, if ever, opened his lips in my hearing. He was always very silent, hardly spoke in the presence of any visitor with whom he was not very intimate.

So far as I know he never visited at the houses of his neighbors and never went to town-meeting. The latter was a deadly sin in the eyes of his democratic neighbors. Mr. Emerson induced him, one evening, to be one of a small company at his house, but Hawthorne kept silent and at last went to the window and looked out at the stars. One of the ladies said to the person next her: "How well he rides his horses of the night!" He was very fond of long walks, and of rowing on the river with Thoreau and Ellery Channing.

Mr. Hoar knew Thoreau very intimately. He went to school with him when he was a little boy and the poet was a big one, and afterwards he was a scholar in his school. They were friends till Thoreau's death. Mr. Hoar used to go down to see him in the winter days in his hut near Walden. He "was fond of discoursing. I do not think he was vain. But he liked to do his thinking out loud, and expected that you should be an auditor rather than a companion."

Margaret Fuller visited Concord in these days, and boarded in the village at one time for several months. She was very peculiar in her ways, and made people whom she did not like feel very uncomfortable in her presence. She was not generally popular, although the persons who knew her best valued her genius highly. But old Doctor Bartlett, a very excellent and kind old man, though rather gruff in manner, could not abide her, as this anecdote illustrates:

About midnight one very dark, stormy night, the doctor was called out of bed by a sharp knocking at the door. He got up and put his head out of the window, and said: "Who's there? What do you want?" He was answered by a voice in the darkness below, "Doctor, how much camphire can anybody take by mistake without its killing them?" To which the reply was, "Who's taken it?" And the answer was, "Margaret Fuller." The doctor answered in great wrath, as he slammed down the window and returned to bed: "A peck."

Mr. Hoar spent his life in Concord until he entered college, except one year when he lived on a farm in Lincoln. Sixty years ago he was a student at Harvard, where he graduated from the Law School. He hung out his

sign in Worcester, Mass., and it was not long before he found himself in public life. One of the most interesting chapters in his book is on the foundation of the Republican party and his personal memoirs of Daniel Webster.

There is one thing that will impress the reader of these memoirs, and that is that Mr. Hoar is a staunch Republican. No other party, according to his views, has a right to live.

Now we have got into Mr. Hoar's public life, and I can do no better than to quote his opinions of his contemporaries. He is very frank in what he says, and undoubtedly speaks from conviction. In the chapter on political corruption, he says: "It never got so dangerous a hold upon the forces of the Government, or upon a great political party, as in the administration of General Grant." Then he goes on to say:

General Grant was an honest and wise man. History has assigned him a place among our great presidents. He showed almost unerring judgment in military matters. He rarely, I suppose, if ever, made a mistake in his estimate of the military quality of a subordinate, or in a subordinate's title to confidence. But he was very easily imposed upon by self-seeking and ambitious men in civil life. Such men studied his humors and imposed upon him, if not by flattery, yet by the pretence of personal devotion.

A man for whom Mr. Hoar has no respect, and for whom his dislike, as that of many other men, was very bitter, was Benjamin F. Butler, whose military career "was a scandal, and his political career was no less odious."

President Hayes Mr. Hoar describes as "a simple-hearted, sincere, strong, and wise man." He praises the "infinite sweetness and tact" of Mrs. Hayes, which contributed greatly to the success of the administration of her husband. She accomplished what would have been impossible to most women—

the maintenance of a gracious and delightful hospitality while strictly adhering to her principles of total abstinence, and rigorously excluding all wines and intoxicating liquors from the White House

during her administration. The old wine-drinkers of Washington did not take the innovation very kindly. But they had to console themselves with a few jests or a little grumbling. The caterer or chef in charge of the State dinners took compassion on the infirmity of our nature so far as to invent for one of the courses which came about midway of the State dinner, a box made of the frozen skin of an orange. When it was opened, you found instead of the orange a punch or sherbet into which as much rum was crowded as it could contain without being altogether liquid. This was known as the life-saving station. Somebody who met Mr. Evarts just after he had been at a dinner at the White House asked him how it went off. "Excellent," was the reply, "the water flowed like champagne."

Apropos of Senator Evarts, Mr. Hoar does not think that his capacity as a diplomatist is known. Perhaps it will never be thoroughly understood. He thinks that even Evarts failed to appreciate his own political strength. He sometimes, Mr. Hoar thinks, "failed to take wholly serious views of political conditions, so far as they affected him personally."

John Sherman was a man for whom Mr. Hoar expresses the greatest respect. He knew him intimately,—few men knew him more intimately,—although he did not give his inmost confidence to anybody, unless to his brother, the General, or to a few persons of his own household. Mr. Sherman was delightful company. He was "wise, brave, strong, patriotic, honest, faithful, simple-hearted, sincere. He had little fondness for trifling and little sense of humor."

Carl Schurz comes in for some sharp criticism. Mr. Hoar admits that he is an interesting character, but he has not much patience with his politics. "He seems to me to have erred in underrating the value of party instrumentalities and of official power in accomplishing what is best for the good of the people." Mr. Hoar is one of those persons who do not for a moment underrate the value of "party instrumentalities." Mr. Schurz's arguments for the last thirty years, Mr. Hoar thinks, "would have been as effective if published anonymously, and I dare say more effective than they have been when given to the world under his name."

Speaking of the charges of corruption made against Mr. Blaine, particularly of his having received certain railroad stock as a bribe, Mr. Hoar says: "I studied that evidence as thoroughly and faithfully as I could. I have gone over the matter very carefully since. I was then satisfied, and am satisfied now, that the charges against Mr. Blaine of any corruption or wrong-doing were totally unsustained." He thinks that Mr. Blaine may have erred at times, but he does not believe that he was as corrupt as the public believed him to be.

Mr. Hoar devotes a chapter to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in which he says: "To give a complete and truthful account of my own life, the name of Edward Everett Hale should appear on almost every page." Mr. Hoar became a member of his parish in Worcester in 1849. "Wherever I have been, or wherever he has been, I have been his parishioner ever since." His enthusiasm for this great and good man is no more than deserved. Mr. Hoar has enthusiasm for a number of people, but there is a class for which he has "no use," to use a common expression. I refer to the Mugwumps. He thinks that they are a terrible lot; that they are a party with "a narrow and bitter personality which finds its parallel only in the theological treatise of the dark ages. It is well for some of us that they have not had the fires of Smithfield or of the inquisition at their command."

I have not attempted to go into the political questions discussed by Senator Hoar in this book. I leave that for others who understand the subject better.

II

THE STORY OF A BRAVE LIFE

Nothing could be more fitting than that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman should introduce the posthumous "Recollections"* of his friend, Richard

* "Recollections by Richard Henry Stoddard." Edited by Ripley Hitchcock, with an introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

Henry Stoddard, to the public, for it was Mr. Stoddard who introduced Mr. Stedman to his first publisher. Mr. Stedman's introduction is thoroughly sympathetic. Mr. Stoddard's life was almost a part of his own, for they were close friends for forty years.

The story of Dickens's boyhood, as told by himself [says Mr. Stedman], is not more pathetic, nor is its outcome more beautiful, than the story of Richard Henry Stoddard's experiences—his orphanage, his few years' meagre schooling, his work as a boy in all sorts of shifting occupations, the attempt to make a learned blacksmith of him, his final apprenticeship to iron moulding, at which he worked on the east side from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year.

Mr. Stoddard, as every one knows who knew him, had a hard life. Things went wrong with him from the start, and yet he clung to his purpose through it all. He was born a poet, and his poetry was of an unusual quality. It has never, however, had the recognition that it deserved. Perhaps posterity will be more appreciative than his contemporaries. Some of the best judges appreciated him, among them Poe, though he refused his early poetry "because it was too good to be the work of an absolute stripling," and Hawthorne was among his first sponsors.

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, who was for many years a close friend of Mr. Stoddard, has edited this book, and he has done his work with admirable taste. Mr. Hitchcock has let Mr. Stoddard tell his own story. There is a playful manner in the telling of this story which marked much of Mr. Stoddard's conversation. He glides gracefully over the disagreeable parts and hurries on to those that are more pleasant. Mr. Stoddard begins his story with his New England childhood. His ancestors came from Scotland and followed the sea for their scanty living. As a child Mr. Stoddard had few opportunities to gratify his taste for reading, but at the same time it was easy to see that he was much more clever than his playmates.

To use his own language, he was "a

show child, who was expected to speak a piece when called upon, and who was pointed out among the townspeople as 'Reuben's boy.' His father died when he was very young, and left his mother without means of support. "Restless and unhappy and lonely wherever she was," writes Mr. Stoddard, "my mother had a habit of visiting her relatives—a dangerous habit, which increased with her years." Her son went with her, and he is free to confess that he did not particularly enjoy his visits, though his relatives were kindly enough as relatives go. They were as poor as his mother and naturally could do very little for him or her.

In 1835, when the little "Dick" was ten years old, his mother brought him to New York. They came by boat from Providence:

After a stormy passage of two days we landed at or near the Battery one bright Sunday morning late in the autumn of 1835, and wandered up Broadway, which was swarming with hogs. I remember how quiet the town was, as we walked to Canal street and then west to Greenwich street, where my stepfather's brother-in-law kept a restaurant. I was tried as an assistant at the oyster bar, but without much success. There was little to choose between the relatives of my mother and the relatives of my stepfather, for they were poor on both sides, so I was not benefited by this change of residence.

Mr. Stoddard's early recollections of New York are not over and above pleasant, for they connect themselves with his stepfather's family, who were just the people not to know, and who were the cause of his being sent into the street to sell matches. "Reticent and moody, busy and business-like," his mother seemed to have remembered his lack of education and sought a means of satisfying it, but it was not the right means.

She sent him to a pay school when a public school would have been better, and he learned nothing, for, little schooling as he had, he knew more than his master. Stoddard did not spend much time in school, for he was put to work at a very early age. He was office boy and bookkeeper and salesman in a "slop shop"; then he was trans-

planted to an occupation "for which," he writes,

I was most unfit, in that it demanded what I never possessed—physical strength and endurance. What my mother was thinking of when she sent me to learn the trade of a blacksmith I never knew; but send me she did, and I tried to learn the trade, though unsuccessfully. I was put at once at the anvil, and before the day was over my right hand was so blistered that I had to open its fingers with my left hand, and detach them from the handle of the sledge hammer that I wielded.

At the age of eighteen young Stoddard went into an iron foundry to learn the trade, and there he remained for several years. He worked at the sledge all day and read and studied all night.

By degrees Stoddard came to know most of the literary men and editors of New York; then he longed for other cities to conquer.

Poe accepted Stoddard's "Ode on a Grecian Flute," and when the latter took up a copy of the journal, expecting to see his ode printed therein, he found these lines: "We doubt the originality of the 'Grecian Flute,' for the reason that it is too good at some points to be so bad at others. Unless the author can reassure us, we decline it." Stoddard's surprise and indignation may be imagined. He put on his hat and started for the office of the *Broadway Journal* to tell its editor what he thought of him. He found Poe in his sanctum, asleep in a chair. He was in a morose mood when he was awakened.

"Mr. Poe," said Stoddard, "I called to assure you that I did write the 'Ode on a Grecian Flute.'" Poe started, and glared at him and shouted: "You lie, d—n you! Get out of here, or I'll throw you out!" Stoddard did not wait to be thrown out, but walked slowly home "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." "Do I blame him?" he exclaims. "The gods forbid! With a race of hardy New England sailors behind me, and behind him a stock of hard-drinking Marylanders, his father an inefficient player, and his mother a fairly good English actress and vocalist—who am I, pray, that I should censure anybody?"

This was not a very happy interview

and apparently it did prejudice Mr. Stoddard against Poe, for he has always been one of his severest critics.

I wish that I had more space to write of this most interesting book; to tell you what Mr. Stoddard says of Thack-

eray, whom he knew in New York, and of Bryant and Longfellow and other literary giants of those days; or to refer to the chapter that he gives to Stedman, whom Taylor introduced to him as "this likable young poet."

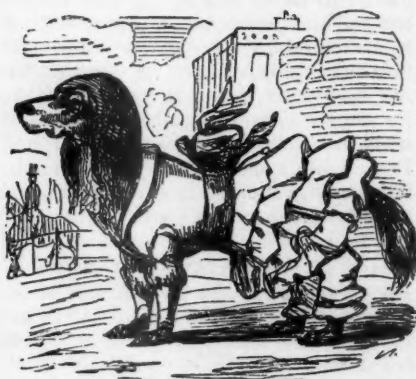
The Social History of England According to "Punch"

By LIONEL STRACHEY

II

NOVELTIES AND FASHIONS

THE invasion of England under William the Conqueror was not accomplished in metal ships. Therefore, when nine hundred years later the Admiralty determined to build a fleet of ironclads, *vox populi*, with *Punch* in the van, declared that war vessels of iron were unnecessary and ridiculous.



CANINE FASHIONS

We hope [said *Punch*—on this occasion funny in spite of itself] the Admiralty will no longer file their mind with a view to supersede the British oak, if they can produce nothing better for that purpose than iron filings. . . . Surely it might have occurred to any being but an animal which shall be nameless, that a vessel made at a foundry

would be certain to founder. We cannot conceive how anybody could think of using iron to build war vessels with, unless in consequence of having taken an over-dose of chalybeate, of which the iron got into his head. Did the Admiralty distrust the valour of the British sailor, and think to depend on the metal of the ship instead? Doubting, it would seem, the strength of our naval bulwarks, they changed them for defences which are mere bulrushes. The harmony with which they united in the perpetration of their Iron Follies can only be explained on the supposition that they are harmonious blacksmiths. Indeed, their unanimity in such absurdity would induce one to believe that they had but one mind—and that a disordered one—among their whole number. Of course the iron vessels cannot exist a moment before any gun but a pop-gun. . . . The same ingenuity that would have built iron line-of-battle ships would probably have furnished them with tin sails, cotton cordage, anchors of gutta-percha, and wooden cannon. The idea of putting to sea in a wash-tub is quite distanced by that of going into action in an iron pot, as would soon have been done when every dockyard in the country had been converted into a marine pantechnicon.

Nor did the new railroad trains elicit enthusiastic commendation. The South-Eastern Railway Company placarded the metropolis and sent out advertisement carts with the announcement "Paris in 12 Hours."

A correspondent of the *Times* has shown [we read in *Punch*] that the "12 hours" in theory amount in practice to 29. The public will not henceforth be taken in, or rather taken out, by the South-Eastern Railway; at least when

rapidity of travelling is the object of the tourist. We should recommend the company to try the other tack, and adopt the "enough-for-one's-money" line of advertisement, by showing how the greatest quantity of time, and the smallest amount of cash, may be spent on the route between London and Paris.

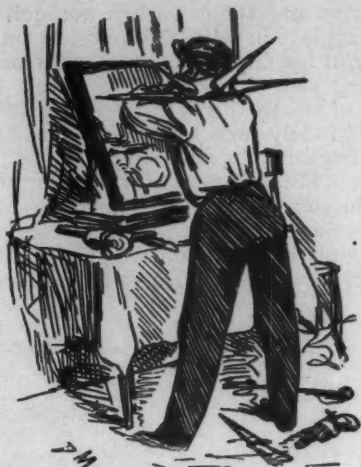
In England public locomotion is governed in the interest of the public. There you pay no dollar to drive a mile in a cab; you are not coarsely reviled by an uncouth savage styled "car conductor"; when you purchase a railway ticket, sitting rights for the journey are implied. If you were obliged to travel standing, or a railway official insulted you,—neither of which adventures is likely to befall you on British soil,—then your British blood bubbles, and continues to bubble until you have written a letter to the company, or the *Times*, or both. The result of this irritability is highly favorable to the public at large, which, in the newer, bigger England across the ocean, with sheeplike docility yields to any outrage that any locomotion company may anyhow, anywhere, any-when devise.

But the insolence of the cabman is enormous even in England. In the fifties a law was passed regulating the fares of hackney carriages. The new tariff assessed the price of a mile's drive at sixpence. Cabby's opinion was thus recorded in *Punch*:

Hansom Cabby: "H'm—sixpence. You 'd better keep it. You may want it for your washin' or somethink."

That bold, unholy innovation, the threepenny omnibus, evoked much popular comment. *Punch* satirized lower middle-class sentiment by depicting one of that Philistine tribe in an omnibus marked 3 pence and describing his thoughts: "Mr. Briggs rides (!) home, and wonders what Mrs. Briggs will say!"

Changes of fashion have always provoked *Punch* to less or more, but usually most effective, mirth. Ladies' bonnets and hats, policemen's helmets, crinolines, Dundreary whiskers, appear in profusion in the mid-century vol-



PROTECTION AGAINST GAROTTERS

umes. Recollections of Sothern's fatuous, stuttering, waw-wawing Lord Dundreary, an evident caricature of sweldom, still delight many living Englishmen, and—since memory is said to be an integral part of the "soul," and this "soul" is alleged immortal,—numerous Englishmen who are dead. You find, in the place where you would expect to find them, certain "Proverbs à la Dundreary, dedicated, with every respect for that nobleman's stupendous stupidity, to Mr. Sothern, T. R. H.," such as: "Spare the rod and you 'll have no fish for dinner." As a fact, Lord Dundreary was the reverse of stupid.

We shall soon have a word to say about the amusements current at this period. We mention amusements now merely because we were tempted to include "garotting" among them. But as second thoughts are worst we have decided to class "garotting" with the fashions. "Garotting," like Lord Dundreary, no doubt recalls pleasing memories to numerous departed Britons. Having allowed that second thoughts are worst, we will admit that the "garotter" was a very unfashionable person. Coming up behind you on a dark, foggy night, he would suddenly, without the previous formality of an introduction, without even excusing himself in French, clasp you in

his arms and almost—when not quite—strangle you with the vigorous embrace of his fingers about your throat. During your temporary—or eternal—want of breath, this ill-mannered person would rudely turn your pockets inside out, inquisitively examining their contents. Then, purposely neglecting to obtain your approval, and not so much as leaving his card with an apology, that underbred individual—one of the lower orders, of course—would make

deaw fellow!"—"Aw, weally? Why not?"—"On a wainy holiday, don't you see, the d—d middle clawss cawn't enjoy itself!"

And reverting to crinolines, the advice of Mr. Punch may be recorded to wear them outside the dress as a fire-guard. Why not also have used the crinoline (when off) as a bird-cage? Or as a prison for ramping husbands? But this last question we address only to the European, insular parts of



AFTER DUNDREARY.

First Swell. "A-a-waw! Waw! waw! How did you like him!"

Second Do. "Waw-waw-waw. No fellow evaw saw such a fellow. Gwoss cawicature-waw!"

off with such of your possessions as he liked best. And all this without the most trifling "Pardon, Monsieur." As a protection against the "garotter" *Punch* recommended the wearing of spiked steel collars.

Returning for an instant to the swells of the Dundreary generation, we remember a small anecdote. So far as we know, this anecdote was not derived from *Punch*. Two swells were standing in the bay window of a club in Pall Mall on a rainy bank holiday. Said one: "Aw, I say, beastly day, is n't it?"—"No, don't agwee with you, my

Anglo-saxondom. In its trans-Atlantic western parts husbands are quite tame.

About the time that maids and matrons began to improve the design of nature by wearing their ribs below the waist, a new dance came into vogue. The waltz had been imported from Germany about half a century earlier. Bringing young persons of opposite sex into bodily contact, *in public*, the waltz had incensed and alarmed pious prudes. Byron, delighting always in erotic bombardment of Philistine cant, welcomed the wicked waltz:



A REAL DIFFICULTY.

"Well, dear, if this is the usual style of thing in Derbyshire, the Farmers had better write up 'No Thoroughfare' at once; then people would know what to do."

Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
The welcome vessel reached the genial strand,
And round her flocked the daughters of the land.
Not decent David, when, before the ark,
His grand *pas-soul* excited some remark;
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
The knight's *sandango* friskier than it ought;
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck
Displayed so much of *leg* or more of *neck*,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten years! whose brows
Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;
To you of nine years less, who only bear
The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,
With added ornaments around them rolled
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;
To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's match;
To you, ye children of—whom chance accords—
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords;
To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week,



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

"MY LADS, FOR WHAT A 'ORRID BORE IT MUST BE FOR THE HORRIBLE (WOMEN) NOW WE'VE TOOK TO 'BEARIN' OUR MOUSTACHES. THE GALS CAN'T TELL NOW FROM THEE, NOW!"



AGAPEMONE. WITH A PROSPECT OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
A PLAYING AT HOCKEY. — ALSO BROTHER SIV. MISTER PRINCE by 4 IN HAND.

As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride; —
To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Compare with Byron's welcome to the waltz the animadversions of *Punch* upon the polka in "Mr. Pips his Diary," the textual accompaniment to Richard Doyle's cartoon series illustrating "Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe":

Tonight to an Evening Party with my Wife, to Sir Hilary Jinks's, whereunto we had been bidden to come at 10 of the Clock; for Sir Hilary and her Ladyship have taken to keeping rare Hours. Thereat was a goodly Company of about an hundred, and the Women all very fine, my Wife being

in her last Year's Gown, which I am tired of, and do hate to see. We did fall to dancing Quadrilles, wherein I made one, and had for my Partner a comely Damsel, whom after the Dance was ended, did hand to a Sofa, and thereon sit me by her Side; but seeing my Wife looking hard at us, did presently make my Bow, and so away. Then to look on while some did dance the Polka, which did please me not much, for had beheld it better danced at the *Casino*, and do think it more suitable to such a Place than to a Drawing Room. The young Fellows did take their Partners by the Waist, and these did lean upon the others' Shoulders, and with one Arm stretched out, and holding Hand in Hand, they did spin round the Room together. But, oh! to see the kicking up of Heels and stamping of them on the ground, which did mightily remind me of *Jim Crow*. In truth, I am told that the Polka is but a Peasant's Hop, from Hungary,

and now to think of Persons of Quality cutting such Capers! Sir Hilary to his Taste, but a Minuet for me at Home, with Gentlewomen; and a Polka with Milkmaids at a Maying or a Booth.

Though always the home of outdoor games, England has never been noted for outdoor amusement. Certainly those panting, perspiring exercises, which increase the muscle and the appetite, strengthen the lungs, and conduce to sound sleep, are much too healthy to be amusing. A year or two before the Crimean war, London attempted to divert itself by night in the open air. Vauxhall and the Cremorne Gardens were the chief places in the metropolis given up to nocturnal junketing *al fresco*. Of Cremorne, especially, terrible tales were told. There,

some survivors of the period asseverate, the chaste, usullied stars blushed blue at what was done beneath them. Readers of "Vanity Fair"—whose author during ten years wrote for *Punch*—may remember how a certain party of five visited Vauxhall one evening. Guzzling Jos ordered rack punch, and, since his friends found it not to their palate, drank up the whole contents of the bowl. The consequence was

a liveliness which at first was astonishing, and then became almost painful; for he talked and laughed so loud as to bring scores of listeners round the box, much to the confusion of the innocent party within it; and, volunteering to sing a song (which he did in that maudlin high key peculiar to gentlemen in an inebriated state), he almost drew away the audience who were gathered round the musicians

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH IN 1849



AN "AT HOME".

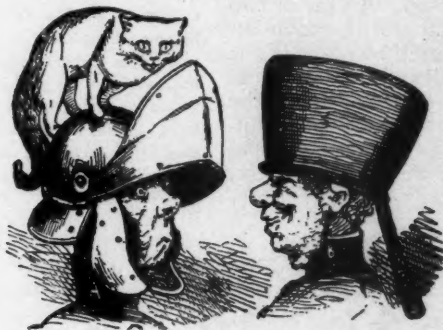
A POLKA.

in the gilt scollop-shell, and received from his hearers a great deal of applause.

A little later Jos bestowed the compromising appellation of "my soul's darling" four times on hopeful Miss Sharp. Now "there is no headache in the world like that caused by Vauxhall punch," so that next morning George Osborne "found the ex-collector of Boggley Wollah groaning on the sofa

at his lodgings," and taking a despondent sip, now and then, from a glass of small beer—soda-water not yet having been invented.

Other pastimes in high favor were croquet, affected by the upper classes, and Aunt Sally, taken to the bosom of the lower. But these one cannot truthfully speak of as games, nor even mendaciously as amusements.



The Copyright Law of the United States and the Authors of the Continent

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

IN March, 1891, certain amendments were inserted as part of the Copyright statute which had for their purpose the bringing the United States into copyright relations with the other literature-producing nations of the world. The several European States had, from an early period in the century (1830-1834) entered into individual treaties with each other under which their authors (and artists) secured for their productions reciprocal protection; and in 1887 these States came together, under the Berne Convention, in an association the regulations of which secure copyright recognition throughout nearly the entire territory of Europe (Holland, Austria-Hungary, and Russia are

still outside) and also in Tunis, Liberia, and Japan.

It had for many years been a ground for mortification to citizens who were jealous for the good name of their country, that the United States had refused, in regard to the recognition of property in literature, to enter into the comity of nations. As far back as 1837, an association had been organized (of which the late George P. Putnam was secretary) to bring about an international copyright, but a contest of more than half a century was required before it proved practicable to interest and to educate public opinion, and to secure from Congress favorable action for a bill securing property

rights for foreign authors, and (under reciprocity arrangements) protection across the Atlantic for the productions of American authors. Before the Act of 1891, copyright could be secured in this country only for the productions of citizens of the United States or of those who could be classed as permanent residents. Under the new law, the protection of the statute is made to cover the works of authors whether resident or non-resident, with the condition that for the non-resident author the country of which he is a citizen shall concede to American authors copyright privileges substantially equal to those conceded by such foreign State to its own authors. It is also a condition (applying both to resident and non-resident authors) that the book securing American copyright shall be published in the United States not later than the date of its publication in any other country. It is a further condition of such copyright for all authors, whether resident or non-resident, that all the editions of the work so copyrighted must be printed "from type set within the limits of the United States or from plates made therefrom." This provision was instituted in the new act at the instance of the Typographical Unions and was insisted upon by them as essential. The unions were under the apprehension that if international copyright should be established without such condition of American manufacture, a large portion of the book manufacturing now done in this country would be transferred across the Atlantic, to the injury of American typesetters and printers and of the other trades employed in the making of books.

The provisions of the Act as finally passed were not a little confused by amendments inserted hastily during the last weeks of the session, amendments which had not been planned in connection with the original drafts of the bill and which presented certain new conditions more or less incongruous with the general purpose of the bill and likely to produce difficulties in the consistent working of the law. These amendments were submitted for the most part on behalf of the various in-

terests having to do with the manufacturing of books and of reproductions of works of art, and were accepted by Congress as in line with the general protective policy of the country. The changes in the text of the bill as originally drafted were accepted by those who had been for many years working for international copyright, because if they had not been accepted it would have been impossible to bring into enactment any international copyright measure whatsoever. It seemed better, for the cause of the recognition of literary property irrespective of political boundaries, to place upon the statute book a law more or less imperfect and incongruous than to leave the United States for a further indefinite term alone among civilized nations in its failure to recognize the just claims of foreign authors and artists. It was also increasingly important to secure a recognition on the other side of the Atlantic for the property rights of American literary producers whose productions were securing from year to year increasing attention from English and continental readers.

It is proper to state that the law has, in many respects, worked more smoothly than was anticipated. Attention has, however, been called by more than one Attorney-General and also by the present Librarian of Congress and by his assistant, the Registrar in charge of the Bureau of Copyrights, to the material defects in the wording of the statute. Fear has been expressed that these defects would sooner or later stand in the way of securing consistent action in the courts for the adequate protection of the rights of literary producers. It is the case, however, that comparatively few issues have as yet arisen in the courts under which these unsatisfactory provisions of the law could be tested.

The law has had the effect of securing from year to year for an increasing number of British authors very satisfactory returns from the sales in the United States of their copyrighted property; and under the reciprocity arrangement, which came into effect with Great Britain in July, 1891,

American authors are each year securing larger returns from their readers in the British Empire, returns which are bound to increase proportionately with the development of American literature. English authors have found some inconvenience in connection with the requirement for simultaneous publication (a requirement which also obtains under the British law) and the further requirement for the manufacturing of the copyrighted book within the territory of the United States, but there has been no substantial difficulty, under the arrangements that have come into force between the publishers on either side of the Atlantic and their respective circles of authors, in meeting these two requirements for books originating in the English language.

It is the case, however, that very serious and well-founded criticisms of the law have come from the authors of France, Germany, and Italy, who find that, under the requirements of American manufacture and simultaneous publication, the difficulties are almost insuperable in the way of securing American copyright for books which have to be translated before they are available for the use of American readers. In Germany, the disappointment and annoyance at what are held to be the inequitable restrictions of the American statute have been so considerable that steps have been taken on the part of authors and publishers to secure the abrogation of the Convention entered into in 1893 between Germany and the United States. The defenders of the Convention have thus far succeeded in preventing it from being set aside, but it is their report that they will not be able to maintain this Convention for many years to come unless the grievances complained of by German authors shall receive satisfactory consideration. The disappointment and the criticism on the part of the authors of France are no less bitter. It is only the fact that certain substantial advantages have been secured under the law to continental artists, and the expectation that the American people will not long remain satisfied with granting international copyright in form while refus-

ing it in fact, that prevent organized attacks not only in Paris and Berlin, but also in Rome, upon the present international arrangements.

I myself had occasion while attending, in June, 1901, the convention held at Leipsic of the International Association of Publishers, to listen to a memorial which had been prepared by the Association of German Authors and which was submitted for the approval of the assembly of German publishers, which memorial had for its purpose the abrogation of the Convention between Germany and the United States. I succeeded at that time in securing a decision on the part of the publishers to lay upon the table a resolution approving this memorial of the authors, and the authors themselves later also agreed to defer action. I reported to the representatives of the continental publishers and authors that, at the instance of the American Publishers' Copyright League, an amendment to our statute had been drafted which had for its purpose the remedying as far as might now be practicable these grievances of the authors of the continent. I promised that nothing should be neglected on the part of the American publishers, American authors, and others interested in international copyright and in maintaining the copyright relations of the United States with Europe, to secure favorable attention from Congress for the amendment in question. It has, however, proved more difficult than was anticipated two years back to secure such attention on the part of the legislators in Washington. Other matters have intervened in each session which seemed both to Representatives and Senators of much more importance than the question of copyright. Apart from the usual delays on the ground of lack of interest in Congressional committees in such a subject, the representatives of the Publishers' Copyright League found that they had again to give consideration to objections on the part of the typographical unions.

The amendment as first drafted provided that the European author of a book originating in a language other

than English should be allowed a term of twelve months (or, as later suggested, of not less than six months), within which to secure arrangements for an American edition of his book and to have completed the required translation. The American edition which was to have the protection of copyright was of course to be "printed from type set within the limits of the United States." During this interregnum term of six months, importation into the United States of copies of the work as issued in the original text could be made and the owner of the copyright was protected against any unauthorized appropriation of his production. This provision was worded with the purpose of avoiding the expense that under present conditions must be incurred of putting into type in this country an edition of the work printed in the language of origin. There is, as a rule, not sufficient demand from American buyers, even in the case of an author of repute, for a book originating in French or in German, to make the American publication of such work, printed in the original language, a satisfactory business undertaking. It is, on the other hand, as a rule, not practicable to have a translation produced in time to enable the American edition as translated to be issued in the United States "not later than the date of publication" in the country of origin. The French or German publisher is generally not willing to agree with his author to lose a season's sale of his edition of the book for the chance of securing for such author the advantage of an American edition.

The typographers objected to the amendment as worded on the ground that it gave copyright protection for a term of say six months to a book in an edition which had not been printed in the United States. It was pointed out by the publishers (many of them themselves printers and all of them interested in the production of American editions) that no book could, under such amendment, secure the final protection of the law unless an American edition was produced. It was emphasized further that, under the present

conditions, the publishers were not willing to make investments in American editions of continental works which were well suited for the requirements of American readers, but that if the publishers could, as would be possible under this amendment, secure the copyright control of such editions, a number of books would be put into print in the United States which would not otherwise have been taken up and from the manufacturing of which the printing and allied trades would secure business advantage.

It did not prove practicable, however, to convince the typographers that there might not be some risk of disadvantage to their trade in the proposition. The amendment was therefore re-shaped so as to meet their objections. Under the amendment as now worded, a work originating in language other than English is left open to "appropriation" unless an authorized American edition shall have been produced within the term of twelve months after the first publication of the book in the country of origin and unless such edition shall have been produced and duly protected by copyright in advance of any unauthorized edition. In case, however, within such term of twelve months, the book shall be brought into print in the United States in an edition which shall comply with the other requirements of the law, the author of such book, or his assign, shall enjoy for the term of copyright the full protection of the law, not merely for such English version, but for the entire text in any version. Under the working of the present statute, the producer of an English version (whether authorized or unauthorized) of a continental work secures the protection of the law only for his own version. In case this first version secures a success, there is always the risk that other versions may be produced by unauthorized reprinters desiring to take advantage of the literary judgment and of the advertising of the publishers producing the authorized version. Such appropriation of the text of the original will be impracticable when the pending amendment has become a part of the statute.

The typographers have given their approval to the amendment as now worded, realizing that it ought to have the effect of increasing the production of American editions of continental works. While it is a disadvantage that the continental book should be open to "appropriation" for a term of twelve months (or less) and that should unauthorized editions have once been issued no copyright control can be secured for the work through the publication of an authorized edition, it is believed that under actual business conditions this disadvantage may not prove serious. It is the fact that the unauthorized reprinters prefer, as a rule, to follow the literary judgment of the publishers who act as the representatives of the authors. The "piracy", firms find it "better business" in the selection of works by continental authors to appropriate a work which has secured the approval of a leading publishing house than to risk ventures based upon their individual judgments.

The amendment in question has been introduced in the Senate by Senator O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, who is an old-time friend of international copy-

right and whose service in connection with the Act of 1891 was of the greatest importance. The bill (which bears the number "Senate 849") has been referred to the Committee on Patents and its supporters hope to be able to secure favorable action on it early in the regular session. The amendment has also been introduced into the House (House No. 2229) by Mr. Currier. It is of essential importance, if the copyright relations of the United States with France, Germany, and Italy are to be preserved, that no further delay should be incurred in remedying the very serious injustice to which the authors of the continent are now exposed. It would also be a serious mortification for Americans who have at heart the good name of their country to have these international copyright conventions cancelled on the ground that the American Government had failed to carry out in good faith the reciprocity conditions of the Act of 1891 on the strength of which conditions the States of Europe have extended to American authors the full protection of their own copyright laws.

Theodor Mommsen: A Near View

By FRANK BARKLEY COPLEY

For this account of the intimate, "personal side" of Theodor Mommsen, Germany's "Grand Old Man," who has just passed away at the age of eighty-six, after a lifetime's devotion to the cause of historical accuracy and truth, and to the application of the lessons of the past to the needs of the present, the writer is indebted to Mr. Kurt Matull, author, playwright, poet, and cosmopolite. Mr. Matull's opportunities were of the best for gathering the material hereinafter set forth, and which, it may be said, affords a delightful insight into the great historian's lovable character and almost equally lovable eccentricities. Born in France of a French father and German mother, Mr. Matull went to Germany soon after the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and eventually settled in Charlottenburg, making his home in Hardenbeck Strasse, only four doors away from the big, old-fashioned stone residence of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Matull thus for many years was Professor Mommsen's near neighbor, and, as he and the historian's son, Hans, became warm friends, he was a frequent visitor at the Mommsen home. Three years ago Mr. Matull came to this country, and is now a resident of New York city, where, it may be mentioned in passing, two of his plays are to be produced by Messrs. Liebler & Co.—F. B. C.

UP to a few weeks ago, a visitor in Charlottenburg, the beautiful western suburb of Berlin, if he happened to be passing along the great boulevard known as Berliner Strasse as the shadows of evening were beginning to

lengthen, might have seen hurrying by, with quick, nervous steps, a little old man. If such were his experience, the visitor could not fail to take note of the thin, silvery hair, falling in graceful waves to the old man's very

shoulders from under a rusty slouch hat pressed far down upon the wearer's ears, and there is no doubt but that the visitor's attention would be further attracted to the incongruity between the old man's shabby, ill-fitting clothes and his kindly, patriarchal features, as well as his general air of profound meditation engendered by his folded arms, bowed head, and downcast eyes. Such a curious figure, in fact, would the old man present, that in all likelihood the visitor would appeal to a policeman for information as to his identity. In that event, the policeman's answer could be predicted with certainty.

"Why," he would say in an awestruck tone, "that is Professor Mommsen."

In his intense absorption in whatever at any time happened to interest him, Theodor Mommsen was the beau-ideal of the absent-minded professor: and in his controlling sincerity and "probity, which never rested in a superficial performance, but asked steadily, To what end?" he fulfilled in every respect Emerson's description of the German scientist at his best. All his life's forces centred in his intellect to such an extent that in his latter years he became practically oblivious to all personal relations. His was a kindly nature, and he loved; but it was humanity in the abstract that he loved.

He was known to have formed only one warm friendship, and that was for Baron von Helmholtz, the great physicist who invented the ophthalmoscope, and who died nine years ago. Professor Helmholtz, as he was familiarly known, lived only five houses away, and he and Mommsen used to take their evening walks together. In character and habits the two great men were much alike. Indeed, their friendship for each other was demonstrated almost solely by a silent mutual sympathy. In only one habit was Helmholtz distinguished to any extent from his friend—he looked up while walking along the street, whereas Mommsen looked down. And thus it was, as arm-in-arm they promenaded Berliner

Strasse and the Tiergarten, a short distance away, that Helmholtz, with his mind probably fixed on some problem in physics, would stare up into space, and Mommsen, with his mind doubtless centred upon the next day's lecture on history, would gaze steadily at the ground, and never a word would either say.

Mommsen's wife, an extreme example of the self-effacement of the German frau, became to him, as the years went by, little more than a faithful slave who ministered unto the bodily wants that even a great thinker cannot entirely get rid of. She prepared for him his food, and saw that he had it just when he wanted it; she saw that he put on his hat and coat when he left the house; she brought to him and put on for him his overshoes when the weather was stormy; she told him when it was Sunday, Christmas, or some other holiday, and, most important of all, she acted as a buffer between him and the outside world, warding off all undesirable visitors.

Mommsen's children—he had twelve—entered into his life so little that they were almost strangers to him. One day his son Hans caught sight of him while the professor was out walking. Hans was with another boy, and, turning to his companion, he said proudly:

"There's my papa; I'm going to speak to him." Then, running up to his father, Hans placed his hand upon his arm, and asked: "Papa, may I walk with you a while?"

"Eh, eh! What, what!" ejaculated the professor, starting violently.

"May I walk with you a while, papa?" repeated the boy.

"Why do you stop me?—what do you want?—who are you?" exclaimed the professor, with all the irritation he was wont to display when aroused from his fits of abstraction.

"Why, papa, I'm Hans, your son."

"Hans? Hans?" said the great historian, peering down close into the boy's face. "Oh, yes, you are Hans." And he walked on, leaving the boy crestfallen.

Although Mommsen was very near-

sighted he could not be induced to wear glasses until the last few years of his life, so great was his prejudice against all artificial aids to vision. Taking advantage of this infirmity of his, as well as his aloofness from all that was passing immediately around him, Mommsen's children and numerous grandchildren once played a trick upon him. The occasion was a little family party given for the young folks by the historian's good frau. After a great deal of effort, Mommsen was dragged, figuratively speaking, from his study, and induced to distribute a plate of candy. The children formed in line, but as soon as the girl at the head had received her share she ran around to the end of the line, the next followed her example, and so on until an endless chain had been formed. But the professor, without the slightest suspicion of what was taking place, kept on serving the candy until the last piece was gone. Then, dropping the plate, he threw up his hands and cried:

"Ach, Gott! Who ever would have thought that old Mommsen had so many children!"

At the time of his death, Mommsen's name still appeared among the members of the faculty of the University of Berlin, but some time ago his waning strength compelled him to abandon his lectures, and in the last two or three years of his life he visited the gray old college in Unter den Linden only on festive occasions. While he pursued his active duties as a professor of history, Mommsen followed a daily routine that varied only in rare instances. Winter and summer, he arose every morning at 5.30 o'clock after only three hours of sleep. This statement is so remarkable that it may well excite incredulity, but there is the best of authority for the assertion that for twenty years Mommsen seldom exceeded this limited allowance of rest. His case, in fact, was often cited by Professor Jolly, the University of Berlin's eminent specialist in nervous diseases, as an example of how little sleep a man could get along with. Mommsen accounted to his fellow professor

for his ability to thrive with such little sleep by the explanation that while he was in bed he was like a dead man—never was he troubled by dreams or anything else that might disturb his complete repose.

Immediately upon arising, Mommsen would eat a small piece of dry bread, which he invariably broke up into little pellets, and drink a cup of tea. He then would make a leisurely toilet, after which his wife would prepare him for the street, among other things arranging his collar and tying his scarf. Of course she had to bring to him his hat and coat. Several times he escaped from her before she was able to do this, and was overtaken while walking down the street, bareheaded and otherwise unprotected. Into the professor's coat the Frau Mommsen would always tuck a little sandwich for him to eat at the university, but as likely as not he would forget all about it and bring it back with him. Upon his return, in fact, the children never failed to search in his pocket for "papa's pigmy sandwich," and there was great competition among them for its possession.

Regularly at the stroke of seven, Mommsen would leave the house and walk the short distance to Berliner Strasse, where he would board an electric car, which, after a ride of forty-five minutes, brought him to the rear of the university; that is, it did if all went well. Not infrequently it happened that when Mommsen's class had assembled at 8.30 o'clock, the time appointed, there would be no sign of its beloved professor, although it was his custom to arrive at the university three-quarters of an hour before the students so as to prepare his lecture for the day. On these occasions, however, no one was at a loss to account for his absence, and the class waited patiently while volunteers were sent out to search for the professor and bring him in. Two or three times he was found standing at the corner near his home, with his nose deeply buried in a book, car after car having gone by without his realizing what he was there for. Other times it was discovered that he had boarded a car the

conductor of which did not know him, and so, with no one to put him off at the university, he had been carried out to the end of the line in Treptow, a town several miles to the south of Berlin.

Once having safely mounted the platform in his classroom, Mommsen became a different being. His bent form became erect, his look of abstraction was succeeded by one of supreme animation, and as he warmed to his subject his eyes would light up with the fire of vigor and enthusiasm. Lecturing upon history, he actually lived among the scenes he described, and he reconstructed them for his hearers with such vividness, power, and force that it is little wonder his students fairly worshipped him. What stood out most conspicuously in his lectures was the lecturer's own lofty moral ideals. Sometimes when a character he was portraying adopted a course that was displeasing to him, or ran counter to his ideas of right and justice, he would abruptly break off the lecture and hurriedly seek the corridor, where he would pace up and down until he had controlled his agitation sufficiently to permit him to resume.

Mommsen's work at the university was usually finished at one o'clock, and then it was customary for him to be escorted to the car that was to convey him back to Charlottenburg by a crowd of four or five hundred shouting and frolicsome students. And when the car had picked up the old professor, and started with him on his journey, there would go up from the assembled students a grand chorus of "Put him off at Hardenbeck Strasse!" as a parting injunction to the conductor.

When Mommsen arrived home at a quarter to two he expected that his dinner would be on the table ready for him to eat, and his wife never suffered him to be disappointed. The professor's dinner consisted of soup, followed by some meat, served hot, with a vegetable. With this meal he drank only one small glass of water just barely flavored with wine. He never touched beer, neither

did he smoke, although he sometimes chewed on a cigar as an act of courtesy when he was with those who had the tobacco habit. To say that Mommsen bolted his midday meal is to do him no injustice. His soup he scooped up with nervous haste, and he was so reckless as to what became of it that a large part of it usually found its way down his waistcoat; and before the rest of the family had fairly begun to eat he had consumed his meat and vegetable, the whole operation taking about ten minutes.

Two o'clock, therefore, found the professor in his study, literally buried in his work; and there he would remain until five o'clock, when he would start for an hour's walk, with folded arms and bowed head, along Berliner Strasse and in the Tiergarten. From six o'clock in the evening until two in the morning, he would then toil away in his study without interruption, save only that which took place at nine o'clock. At that hour his expansive family would assemble outside of his door, and when it had been opened by his wife the children would chorus, "Good night, papa!" But the chances were that the professor would not hear them, and there would be no response. At nine o'clock, also, the Frau Mommsen would bring in a huge plate of sandwiches, cold fish and cheese, and a pot of cold tea. These she would place on a stand so that her husband could reach the food with his left hand while he went on writing with the other. Although the plate contained a quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the hunger of four ordinary men, Mommsen would consume it all, munching steadily away until midnight. His wife used to say, however, that his eating was wholly a mechanical process, and reminded her of nothing so much as a locomotive taking on fuel; his mind being concentrated with such intensity upon his work, she did not believe he realized he was eating at all.

After the completion of his crowning work on the Roman laws, which has been translated into all the leading modern languages, Mommsen confined

his pen to brochures, letters, and an occasional article on a current political topic for a favored periodical such as Dr. Barth's *Nation*. In these political articles, he showed how thoroughly alive he was to the big events of the day, at home and abroad, and how prepared he ever was to lend a vigorous voice in defence of his cherished ideals. A firm believer in the essential unity of the German, English, and American peoples, he nevertheless did not hesitate to attack the British policy in South Africa, nor to protest against the war of the United States on Spain; and whether or not one agreed with his conclusions no one could doubt the fact that they were based on high moral grounds.

Nor did Mommsen hesitate to assail the course of his own country whenever it came into conflict with his stern ideas of justice and equity. In accordance with Emerson's ideal of the German professor, he could not "divest himself of the fancy that the truths of philosophy have some application to Berlin and Munich," and he denounced his Government's sins with an outspokenness that showed he stood in no awe of the Kaiser or fear of being adjudged guilty of *lèse majesté*. Only last year, when the Kaiser was travelling up and down the country, denouncing the Social Democrats as abettors of murder and enemies of the state, Mommsen issued a brilliant manifesto hailing the Socialists as the one political party in Germany entitled to respect.

But whether engaged in the preparation of a great historical work, in writing a political article, or rearranging his invaluable collection of books, letters, and memoirs, Mommsen showed the same extraordinary concentration of all his faculties on the matter in hand that made him dead to the world of phenomena and sensation, and irritably impatient of any interruption. Once in his study, all the king's horses and all the king's men scarcely could get him to come out again, even though the visitor were so exalted a personage as the Crown Princess of the Empire; it is actually a fact that the Empress

Frederick, when she was still the Crown Princess, called to see Mommsen one day, only to be told by his greatly distressed and painfully embarrassed wife that the professor could not be persuaded or cajoled into leaving his work.

Even on the evening of the eightieth anniversary of his birth, when four thousand students from the University of Berlin, gayly decorated with their college colors, and carrying great flaming torches, marched to Charlottenburg, attended by several brass bands, to do honor to the great and dearly beloved professor, Mommsen could not be dragged out of his study to greet them. When the head of the procession reached Hardenbeck Strasse, the family became greatly excited, as none of its members had had any warning that such a demonstration had been planned. Hastening to the professor's study, the Frau Mommsen finally made him understand what was taking place. But Mommsen shook his head.

"Tell them to go away at once," he commanded; "they see me every day at the university."

Entreaties, blandishments, and expostulations alike were useless; they served only to increase the professor's irritation, and the Frau Mommsen left the room, sorely troubled. In a few minutes she was back.

"The street is jammed!" she cried. "They are waving their torches!—They are shouting and yelling!—The bands are playing!—Every one is calling for you!—You must go out!"

"Eh—what?" murmured the professor, his pen still scratching on. "Bands playing? Torches waving? Not so much honor for old Mommsen. Tell them to go next door to the residence of the town commandant. Too much honor for old Mommsen, the orphan."

Three times did the Frau Mommsen endeavor to get her husband to go out and greet the students, and she desisted only after he had commanded her to leave him in peace. As for the students, their disappointment was keen, and there even was some bitterness in their ranks as they marched sadly back to Berlin. And the next morning when Mommsen entered his

classroom he was received, for the first and only time in his life, with absolute silence, the custom of the German students being to greet a popular professor with a great stamping and shuffling of feet. But the students' resentment soon wore off; before the day was over, in truth, Mommsen had been fully restored to favor; it is not difficult to forgive a man for forming a habit of standing aloof from the things of the moment when one of his works alone fills thirty-five huge volumes, which is the size of Mommsen's "History of Roman Laws." Professor Kirchner, who occupied the chair of Romance literature in the University of Berlin, and was the Court counsel as regards literary matters, once remarked to the Kaiser that in order to write the number of words Mommsen had written he would have to keep steadily at it for four hundred years. All Mommsen's works, moreover, were written out by him in long hand; he never employed a secretary.

Mommsen's extreme absent-mindedness naturally led him into all sorts of predicaments. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these concerns his first and only speech in the Reichstag. While Bismarck still was the Iron Chancellor of the Empire, Mommsen was elected to the lower branch of the Imperial Parliament, by the Social Democrats, in recognition of his staunch championship of the principles of their party. When he went to take his seat, he was escorted from the university to the Reichstagsgebäude by a great concourse of students. It was a veritable triumphal procession, and when the Parliament building was reached the students thronged the galleries, prepared to give their idol a rousing demonstration upon the close of his maiden speech.

After he had taken his seat, Mommsen was observed to fumble in his pockets and draw out a paper that the students supposed was the speech in question. No sooner had he done this than Bismarck arose to address the house. As usual, silence the most profound reigned until the Chancellor had begun to fill the chamber with his

resonant and powerful voice. But not the slightest attention did Mommsen pay to the great Bismarck. The eminent historian sat absorbed in his paper, which he held close up to his nose after his usual manner.

Suddenly, without warning, a most amazing thing happened. Bismarck, he who ruled Germany with a rod of iron, was in the middle of one of his most earnest addresses, when up jumped a member of the Reichstag, and cried:

"Stop! stop! STOP!"

It was Mommsen. The spectators were horror-struck. Bismarck stood aghast. But Mommsen, peering excitedly about him with his almost sightless eyes, again raised his voice and shouted:

"That foolish student! That foolish student! Is he going to talk all day? What foolish student is it that talks, talks, talks, as if we had nothing to do but listen to his talk? If he is not quiet at once, I shall call the attendant and have him removed." And Mommsen resumed his seat.

For perhaps a minute the stillness was like unto that which abides in the grave. Then a great burst of laughter awoke the echoes and rolled up to the roof, and in it Bismarck had to join; for the explanation of the great historian's outburst was evident to all. The paper he had been examining was one connected with his duties as a professor, and he thought he still was at the university. Such was the concentration of his mind upon everything that interested him that undoubtedly Bismarck's powerful voice sounded in his ears like the monotonous buzz, buzz, buzz of a bee. When he awoke to the nature of his surroundings, and learned who it was that he had commanded to keep still, "Old Mommsen, the Orphan," was overcome, and never again could he be induced to enter the Reichstagsgebäude.

Despite the freedom with which he criticised the Government, Mommsen's genius and high character were recognized and appreciated at the Imperial Court, but he scorned all titles, and it was not until 1890 that he consented

to receive a decoration. Having been duly decorated, Mommsen, together with all others that had received like honors that year, was "commanded" to appear at the Imperial Palace and meet the Emperor and Empress.

On the evening of the reception, Unter den Linden, the famous street that leads to the palace, was closed for a considerable distance to all save the guests of the Emperor. Police lines were formed, and only those carriages the drivers of which wore reception cards conspicuously on the front of their hats were permitted to pass through. But Mommsen, whose manner of living exemplified his democratic principles, rode in from Charlottenburg on an electric car. Precious moments never were to be wasted by him, and he had with him the inevitable book. Upon his arrival in Berlin, he was put off the car by the obliging conductor, and then, folding his arms as usual, and as deeply absorbed in thought as usual, he started to press his way through the crowd that had gathered to witness the coming of the Emperor's distinguished guests. A few paces brought him to the police line, but police lines were the last things in the world that Mommsen could take cognizance of at that moment, and without hesitation he started to pass on. In a trice he was pounced upon by a vigilant policeman and pressed back. Such a rude awakening from his meditations was too much for the old professor's temper.

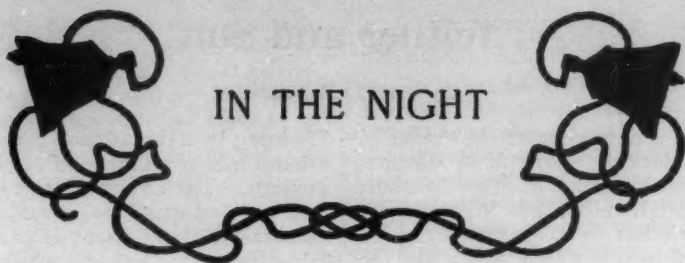
"Du Russe, du Bauernjunge!" he cried, which, being translated, is to say, "You Russian farm laborer," an expression of supreme contempt among the Prussians. "Du Russe, du Bauernjunge!" cried the professor; "what

do you mean by seizing old Mommsen? I'm old Mommsen, I tell you—Mommsen, Mommsen, Mommsen!" And to emphasize his last words the professor brought his book down three times upon the policeman's face.

Dodging the further play of the book on his countenance, the policeman took note of the old man's rusty overcoat and battered felt hat, and decided he had to deal with what we would call a crank. An hour later the Emperor received word that his missing guest was in the lockup. Consternation in royal circles was quickly followed by the dispatch of the Empress's own carriage to the station-house. It was probably the first time in the history of Berlin that such a vehicle had stopped at such a place, and it created an immense sensation. But those who imagined that Mommsen was suffering under the indignity to which he had been subjected might well have spared themselves the tax upon their sympathies. Indeed, they should have known better. Anybody with any knowledge of his character might have expected to find just what the Empress's messenger actually did find—the old professor sitting on his hard bench, totally lost to his surroundings while he industriously scratched away with the pen and paper he had called for as soon as he entered the station-house.

To leave the great historian in the station-house would not be right, and so we shall convey him, triumphantly seated in the Empress's carriage, to the Imperial Palace, and there, as he stands receiving the homage from the leaders of his country that his talents, his lofty character, and his unselfish work for his fellow-men demand, we shall say good-bye to him.





IN THE NIGHT

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR

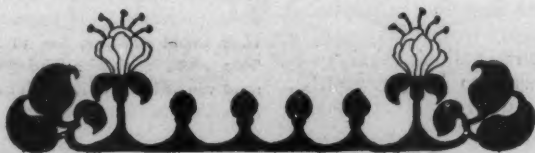
*The Hounds of winter are out on the track of the year,
In the night, in the night,
And the Hunter presses behind with his ice-cold spear,
In the night, in the night.
Those are their cries that we hear piercing through window and rafter—
Hark to the crash of their master's footfalls hurrying after,
In the night.*

*And somewhere in jungles of air, on the midnight's bound,
In the night, in the night,
They shall bay the flyer, and mark him with many a wound,
In the night, in the night,—
Waylay him, and bay him, and slay him, but out of his heart
A virgin young year shall leap with a glorious start,
In the night!*

*When the sun was quenched in the cold blue cavern of sky,
In the night, in the night,
Out in the moonlight bare they broke with a cry,
In the night, in the night;
And their hearts leapt out for the prey, their hungry feet outspeeding,
Till full in their thought they beheld the quarry smitten and bleeding,
In the night.*

*Then shall the wailing pass with the footfalls in air,
In the night;
The hunters shall utterly vanish, and none shall know where,
In the night;
But she in pride shall exult, and beckon o'er highland and hollow,
And softly, entranced, shall the world arise at the signal and follow,
In the night, in the night.*

O. C. AURINGER.



Mother and Son

By WILLIAM ARCHER

LEFT a widow when on the threshold of her sixtieth year, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson turned her back on the home and associations of her life, and set forth with her son on that voyage in search of health which has added so many delightful pages to English literature. Not the least delightful are those contained in this volume. The centre of the family circle left behind in Edinburgh was Mrs. Stevenson's sister, that Miss Balfour whom Robert Louis had celebrated in the quatrain:

*Chief of our Aunts!—not only I,
But all your dozen of nurslings cry—
What did the other children do,
And what were childhood, wanting you?*

To this sister Mrs. Stevenson addressed the major part of the letters here collected.* They are not precisely brilliant letters—they are too thoroughly natural and familiar to suggest any such epithet. Yet their literary quality is high; they do not contain a single invertebrate or slovenly sentence; and they are everywhere easy, graphic, and humorous. If the son could have dealt with his South Sea experiences as "unself-consciously" as the mother, how many hours of mental anguish would he have been spared! But the chief value of the letters consists, after all, in their revelation of character. One has always guessed, indeed, that Robert Louis Stevenson inherited from his mother the brighter and happier side of his nature; but here we have proof positive of the fact. There is a quiet bravery in these letters which is doubly touching in the light of subsequent events. The circumstances were such as to put no small strain on the writer's spirits. She had just lost a husband to whom (as appears from many simple and quite unemphatic allusions) she was devoted. She was no longer young; she had never been strong. Her son's

life hung by a thread, and caused those around him constant, and often acute, anxiety. Their wanderings took them into outlandish places, great extremes of climate, many discomforts, and not a few dangers. Yet the whole tone of the book is not resolute or stoical, but cheerful and even gay. Though neither forgetful of what she had lost, nor insensible to the precariousness of her hold upon what was left her, Mrs. Stevenson was able to look with serenity upon life, and to enjoy the passing moment, confident that when the time for endurance came the strength would come with it. Here is a characteristic passage:

If Fanny can find us a yacht in San Francisco, we may go and sail about the Pacific next winter; but it is all a peradventure at present, and our motto at present is "Sufficient for the day is—" no, I won't say "the evil thereof." You can finish it as you like.

At another place she writes: "One native told Louis that he himself was old, but his mother was not!" There was a deeper sense in that remark than the recorder of it appears to have recognized.

These letters add many charming little touches to the pictures we already possess of Stevenson's winter in the Adirondacks and first cruise in the Pacific. Mark Tapley himself might have found some virtue in maintaining his jollity under the climatic conditions which prevailed at Saranac:

Water froze in our rooms with the stoves kept burning all night; the ink froze on the table beside my bed. Louis woke one night dreaming that a rat was biting his ears, and the cause was a slight frost-bite; and Valentine found her handkerchief, under her pillow, frozen into a ball in the morning. How would you like, too, to have your kitchen floor turned into a nice shining sheet of ice the moment you had washed it—with hot water, mind—and a good fire in the room?

Here is a pretty little story relating to a visit to New York after the Saranac

* "From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond: Being Letters Written by Mrs. M. L. Stevenson during 1887-88." Edited and arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour. Scribner, \$2.50.

winter, when Stevenson wished to remain incognito. A friend took Mrs. Stevenson to see the march past of the veterans on Decoration Day, their point of view being the editorial office of a certain magazine.

He said he would have to introduce me to the editor, but that once it was found out who I was there would be no more peace for Louis, so would I object to being introduced as "Mrs. Macpherson from Glasgow." I replied that I could not stand *that*; but if he would just say my name without emphasizing the "son" at the end he would find that I should be accepted as "Mrs. Stevens"; "and, of course," I added, "*here* I am nothing without my *son*." My little plan, I may tell you, worked admirably.

Not the least agreeable touch in this story is the emphasis on the word "here." For all her pride in "Louis," the wife of Thomas, and daughter-in-law of Robert, Stevenson was not going to forget that in Scotland her name had other titles to honor.

Every page of the South Sea letters bears witness to the extraordinary sympathy and tact with which, not only Stevenson himself, but the whole party, adapted themselves to the customs and etiquette of their island hosts. This faculty, too, the son had evidently inherited from his mother, who showed at least as much social talent under the novel conditions as any of her younger kinsfolk. There is an admirable scene, for example, where Mrs. Stevenson joins in the Communion of a native Protestant church in Tahiti, and on coming out is astonished to receive "the right hand of fellowship" from every member of the congregation. Still more was she surprised to learn

that "they were collecting things to make a feast for their new member."

When Louis told this to me I remarked, "Well, I have always believed that '*Godliness was great gain*,' but I never before had such immediate proof of its holding good even in this world!" . . . There is an exact list of the gains of godliness in Tautira: Six hens, one dozen eggs, one lobster, one hundred cocoa-nuts, two large bunches of green bananas, two baskets of ripe bananas, two bunches of wild bananas for cooking, one basket of sweet potatoes, two bundles of *taro*, two bunches of bread-fruit, and three pineapples!

More offerings, too, came in on the morrow, including twenty-five cocoa-nut bowls, and six pillows filled with silk-cotton.

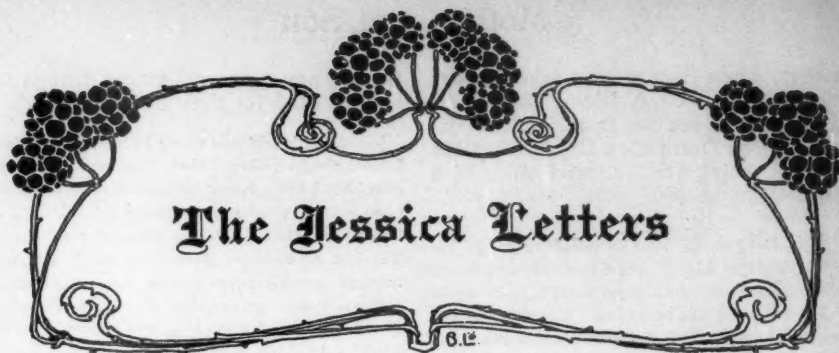
There can be no doubt that, amid so much else, Stevenson owed to his mother some part of his literary gift. Here is a passage he might have been proud to own:

We had a good wind that suited us very well, and got out of the lagoon very quickly; we then passed *Toan* and *Mau*, two more of the Paumotu group, and that, I suppose, is the last that any of us will see of any of them. To come to a place so shut into the midst of waters, to live in it, grow wonderfully at home in it, and then leave it so utterly behind, is almost painfully dreamlike. I wonder if in my sleep I shall walk in the shade of the cocoa-palms, and hear once more the surf breaking on the ocean beaches.

In this case, no doubt, the mother may have been unconsciously imitating the son; but the very excellence of the imitation, if such it be, proves a deep-seated kinship in faculty.

The book is most helpfully annotated, and contains several interesting portraits.





IV

LETTER XXXII

(Jessica to Philip. Written in answer to
Letter XXIX)

MY DEAR PHILIP:

You are a magician rather than a lover. And no lover, I think, was ever so subtle at reasoning. At least you do not act the part as I supposed it was played. A lover, I thought, was one who stood at the door of a woman's heart and serenaded till she crept out upon her little balcony of sighs and kissed her hand to him, or shed a tokening bloom upon his upturned countenance. So far as I could imagine, he was prehistoric in the simplicity of his methods. Two things I never suspected: that love is the kind of romantic exegesis you represent it to be, or that every lover, psychically, is a sort of twin phenomenon—that he is *two* men instead of one! And after he is married, I suppose he will be a domestic *trinity*, but with his godhead concerned with the affairs of the world at large. I am awed by the revelation; still, it excuses much in my conduct that I had before felt was reprehensible; for I have scarcely faced my own reflection in the glass since my ignominious capitulation. Something within charged treachery against poor Jessica. But if there are *two* of you, and only *one* of me, that fact gives a new and honorable complexion to my part in the transaction.

However, the way you have multiplied yourself and doubled forces upon

me may be good masculine tactics, but I am sure it is an unparliamentary advantage you have taken. For you have not only posed as a lover, but with the cunning words of a logician you prove what seemed wrong to be really a sublime right; and what I charged as selfishness, *you* call "a prayer." I am confused by your argument; it seems incontestable. But do you know, my Philip, that a woman's convictions never are reached by a mere argument? For they are hidden in her heart, not in her little bias-fold mind. And so, in spite of your sweet reasoning with me, and the assumption you make of omniscience concerning me, my convictions remain. Only, now, I do not know if I cherish them against you or against the God who made me simple and you double.

But granting all you say to be true, that every man has a personal life and at the same time a universal life energy as well, that there is in him a little domestic fortress of love, and a battle power of life apart,—admitting all this, how do you reconcile justice with the fact that you frankly offer only half of your duality for all of Jessica? Have you never suspected that she also has fair kingdoms of thought apart from your science of her? My Prophet, it is you who have discovered them to me! Love has added a sweet Canaan to my little hemisphere, I have heard invisible birds singing, I have trysted with spirits of the air since I knew you. And I have felt the pangs of a consciousness in me so new and so tender, that I am no longer merely the maid you know, but, dear Master, I am some

one else, near and kin to you as life and spirit are kin! What is this strange white space in my soul that love has made, so real, yet so holy that I dare not myself lift the veil of consciousness before it? And all I know is that I shall meet you there finally heart to heart!—Philip, kiss me! For I am a frightened white-winged stranger in my own new heavens and new earth. I am no longer as you imagine, simply one, but I have a foreign power of life and death in me, and the fact terrifies me.

You declare that there is a difference and a distance between a man's love and a man's mind which accounts for his dual nature. There is also an intelligence of the heart, more astute, more vital, which divides woman's nature also between the abandon of love and the resentment of understanding. We know, and we do not know, and we Feel. What we know is of little consequence, what we feel is written upon the faces of each succeeding generation. But what we do *not* know constitutes that element of mystery in us that makes us also dual. For we feel and suspect further than we can understand. Thus, your faculty for projecting yourself in spirit further than I can follow, excites in me a terror of loneliness that sharpens into resentment. I am widowed by the loss of the higher half of your entity. Can you not see, Philip, it is not your views I combat, your theory about humanitarianism and all that? They are but the geometrical figures of thought in your mind; and I have no wish to disturb your "philosophic proposition." The point is, I love that in you more than I love the lover. And the passion with which you cling to it as something apart from our relationship offends me, excites forebodings. Tell me, are "philosophic propositions" alien to love? And after all, do you think you are the only one who may claim them? This is a secret, —I have a little diagram of feminine wisdom hid away from you somewhere, founded upon the wit of love. And we shall see which lasts the longer, your "proposition" or my understanding!

But I must not forget to speak of a matter much more practical just now. You mentioned the letter that you sent to father,—"The contents you might imagine even if he did not show it to you." Well, he did not show it to me, but from the effect it produced upon him I am obliged to infer that it contained the most iniquitous blasphemies. Philip, I do hope you are not subject to fits of "righteous indignation"! I could welcome a season of secular rage in a man as I could a fierce wind in sultry weather, but this kind of fury that cloaks itself in the guise of outraged piety is very trying. No sooner did father read your letter than he strode in upon me like a gray-bearded firebrand. The offending letter was crushed in his hand, and his glasses were akimbo on his nose, the way they always are when he is perturbed. I spare you the details, but from the nature of his questions you might have thought he was examining you through me for a licence to preach. I did not deceive him as to your views, but my own impression of them is so nebulous that the very vagueness of my replies alarmed him all the more. Nor did I protest at the abuse he heaped upon your absent head. For I know how wickedly and unscrupulously you acted in the felony of my love, and there was a certain humorous satisfaction in hearing father give a "philosophic proposition" to your criminality. My only prayer was that he might not ask me if I loved you.—Philip, I would rather live on bread and water a week than confess it to any one else than yourself. But father has lived too long outside the realm of romance to ask that very natural question. Finally I protested feebly: "But how can it vitally affect a woman's happiness whether or not her husband accepts the doctrine of repentance just as you do? Can he not love and cherish his wife even if he does question the veracity of Jonah's whaling experience?" But when I looked up and saw his face, I was ashamed, and ran and kissed him and straightened his glasses so that he could see me with both eyes. But, dear Heart, his eyes were too full of

tears to fire upon me. And as I sat there upon the arm of his chair, twisting his sacred beard, this is what he told me. When my mother died, he said, and left me a little puckered pink mite in his arms, he had solemnly dedicated me to God. And he declared, moreover, that he could not go back upon his vow by giving me in marriage to an infidel. Being an infidel, Philip, is much worse than being a plain heathen; an infidel is a heathen raised to the sixteenth power of iniquity! Now I rarely quote Scripture, for I have too much guile in me to justify the liberty, but I could not refrain from mentioning Abraham's dilemma, it seemed so appropriate to the occasion,—how when he was about to offer up Isaac, he saw a little he-goat suggestively nearby fastened among the thorns, and I suggested that instead of sacrificing me he should take the widow Smith's little Johnnie, who shows even at this early Sabbath-school age a pharisaical aptitude for piety. I pointed out that in the sight of heaven one soul is as worthy, as acceptable, as another. Besides, did not Isaac become a righteous man, even if he was not offered up and did live in this world of temptations an unconscionably long time? But father was not to be reasoned with or comforted. And yesterday, Sunday, he preached impressively from the text, "Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?" Of course *you* are the heathen, Philip, and of course *I* am the "vain thing." But that is not father's idea. The vain thing you imagine is that he will give his consent to our marriage! Well, you can settle it between you! All I know is that now I am predestined, but not in the dedicated deaconess direction!

JESSICA, THE BRAVE.

P. S.—What do you think *our* little forest is for sale. And oh, Philip, if some vandal buys my dear trees and cuts them down, my very life will die of grief! They are my brothers. And if a man built a house there and asked me to marry him, I would, if he were as ugly and old as Jeremiah! (I sup-

pose all the prophets were like this, their writings produce that impression!) And my father would consent, even if the bridegroom were a heathen instead of a prophet. For he would be obliged to attend religious services at Morningtown, and father does not believe any man can long remain under the drippings of his sanctuary without being forgiven. And I do not either. God would have mercy upon him somehow!

LETTER XXXIII

(Philip to Jessica)

Your letter, dearest Jessica, and your father's came by the same post, and the sensation they gave me was as if some moral confusion had befallen the elements and summer were mingled with winter in the same sky. Not that his letter was anything but kind and dignified, but it seemed to remove you and your life so far away from me. I confess I had some fears that he might insist on the little we have seen or, as the world judges, know of each other; it had not occurred to me that my "infidelity" would block my path to happiness—so little do the people I commonly meet reckon of that matter. The burden of his reply was in these words: "I cannot conceive that my daughter should give her heart to a man who was not strong in the faith in which she has herself been nurtured. I would gladly be otherwise convinced, but from all I can learn you are of those who trust rather in the pride of intellect than in the humility of Christian faith." Why, my fair Jesuit, have you concealed your love as well as this! I think no one could live in the same house with me without hearing the bird that sings in my breast. You must tell your father the whole truth.

Meanwhile I will write to him as best I can, but the real debate I must leave until I come to Morningtown. And how shall I persuade him that I have faith or that my faith is in any way an equivalent for his belief in the Christian dogma? Will he listen to me if I say that a man may believe the whole catechism and yet have no faith? Mankind, as I regard them, are divided

into two pretty distinct classes: those to whom the visible world is real and the invisible world unreal or at best a shadow of the visible, and those to whom this visible realm with all its life is mere illusion whereas the spirit alone is the eternal reality. Faith is just this perception of the illusion enveloping all these phenomena that to those without faith seem so real; faith is the voluntary turning away of the spirit from this illusion toward the infinite reality. It is because I find among the men of to-day no perception of this illusion that I deny the existence of faith in the world. It is because men have utterly lost the sense of this illusion that religion has descended into this Simony of the humanitarians. Even Heine, in his time, recognized the distinction. I was reading in him only the other day and came upon a passage in which he points out the difficulty of discriminating between Religion and Hypocrisy,—two sisters wonderfully similar, he says, except that the latter drags out its words a little more softly and repeats oftener the cant word "Love" ("das Wörtchen 'Liebe'"). How shall I tell your father this? I think we should do better to discuss household economy than religion.

Just now I am forcibly detained in New York by a number of petty duties, but in a few days I shall set forth on my second pilgrimage to Morningtown. Shall I have any wit to persuade your father that my "infidelity" is not the unpardonable sin, or that my love for you is sufficient to cover even that sin and a host of others? And how will Jessica meet me? She will not look now, I trust, for my cloven hoof which I never had and those ass's ears which, alas! I did flourish so portentously. Why, Jessica, according to your own words you will have a strange double lover to greet, and I think it would be mathematically correct if you gave two kisses in return for every one. It will be a new rendering of Catullus's *Dasia*.

And so your little forest is for sale. Could I buy that faerie land, Sweet-heart, and build therein a hidden house

and over its threshold carry a sweet bride? Ah, you have rewritten the sacred story of Eden. Not for the love of woman should I be driven from the garden of God, but brought by woman's grace from the desert into the circle of perfect Paradise. Together we should hearken to the singing of birds; together we should bend over the bruised flowers and look up into the green majesty of the trees; and sometimes, it might be, as we walked together hand in hand in the cool of the evening,—sometimes, it might be, we should hear the voice of our own happiness speaking to us from the shadows and deem that it was God. May angels and ministers of grace wrap you in mercy for this dream of rapture you have given me! It shall feed my imagination in dreams until I come to you and learn in your arms the more "sober certainty of waking bliss."

Yet, withal, would you be willing to forego your "brothers," as you call the trees, and this vision of hidden peace? Would it pain you to leave this and come with me into this great solitude of people which we call New York? How in that idyllic retreat should I keep my heart and mind on the stern purpose I have set before me? There, indeed, the world and all the concerns of mankind would sink so far from my care, would fade into the mist of such utter illusion, that I know not how I could write with seriousness about them. I need not the happiness of love's isolation, but the rude contact of affairs, yet with love's encouragement, to hold me within practical ideas. So it seems to me now, but I would not mar the beauty of your life. Of this and many more things we will talk together when I come.

I have given up my old comfortable quarters in the — and have taken a couple of cheap rooms here at —. For some months I shall not be writing for money and I wished not to eat unnecessarily into my small savings. One room is a mere closet where I sleep, the other is pretty large, but still crowded immoderately with my books. I have begun to read hard for the work I have had in mind for several

years,—the history and significance of humanitarianism. I need not tell you what the gist of that *magnum opus* is to be, and, dear sceptic, trust me it will be put into such a form as to stir up a pothor whether with or without ultimate results. I have learned enough from the despised trade of journalism to manage that. When I return from Morningtown I shall give myself up utterly to composition. Four months ought to suffice for the work, for the material is already well in hand; and at the end of that time my pen shall turn to making money again. I have no anxiety about gaining a modest income—and can you imagine what that means to you and me?

I had thought to send our Goblin boy into the country as you bade me, but for a while I am keeping him here. He sleeps in a cot beside me, and in the day, when not at school or crouching rapt in mysterious silence on the curbstone, he sits in a great chair by the window. Often when I look up from my book his eyes are fixed on me with a kind of mute appealing wonder. Somehow I could not let him go. He seems a link between us in our separation; and while my thoughts are set upon rebuking the errors of humanitarianism it will be well to have this object of human pity before my eyes.

I wonder if you know what a strange wistful letter you have written. You are no longer merely the maid I know, and my ways of thought excite in you a terror of loneliness that sharpens into resentment—so you say. Once more, dear girl, we will talk of all this when I come. Until that happy day, wait and fortify your love with trust.

LETTER XXXIV

(Jessica to Philip)

I have a number of terms, my Philip, with which I might begin this letter, but I have not the courage yet to call you by such dear names beyond the whispering gallery of my own heart.

And you wonder how I have concealed my romantic deflections from father. Indeed, I am sure he has noticed a heavenly-mindedness in me

for some time past; but out of the sanctity of his own heart he probably attributed this improvement to the chastening effects of a particularly gloomy course of religious reading that he has insisted upon my undertaking this winter. And, after all, father is not so far wrong as to my spiritual state, for when love becomes a woman's vocation, she carries blessings in her eyes and all her moods tiptoe reverently like young novices following one another down a cathedral aisle. This life of the heart becomes her piety, I think, and the highest form of religion of which she is capable. Jessica begins to magnify herself, you see! A kingdom of heaven has been set up within me, dear creator, and naturally I feel this extension of my boundaries.

But do not expect me to tell father "the whole truth,"—how you first fascinated me with editorial magnanimity, then baited me with compliments, and later with deepest confidences, and finally slipped into my Arcadia disguised as a philosopher, but, when you had got entire possession, declared yourself a victorious lover! I wonder that you can contemplate the record you have made in this matter without blushing!

As for your "infidelity," and what you call your "faith," I think father will denounce them both as blasphemous. Religion to father is something more than "the poetry he believes in." It has the definition of experience, miracles, and a whole body of spiritual phenomena quite as real to him as your upper-chamber existence is to you. Only father has this advantage of you, he has a real Divinity, with all the necessary attributes of a man's God. His "voice of happiness" speaks to him from the stars, and he does not call it an echo, as you do, of a fair voice within your own heart. Father gets his salvation from the outside of his warring elements; you speak to your own seas, "Peace, be still!" As for me, between you, I stand winking at Heaven; and I say: "It is evident that neither of them understands this mystery of life; I will not try to comprehend. I will be good when I can, and

diplomatic when I must, and leave the rest to heaven and earth and nature." Meanwhile, I advise you not to quote Heine when you come to make your defence. Father has several Beelzebubs, and this Heine, who spoke with the tongue of men and of angels from his mattress grave, is one of them. If the very worst comes, you may say that you have almost scriptural proof of my affections,—and mind you say affections, father could not bear the romantic inflection of such a term as love. It sounds too secular, carnal, to him.

You ask me if I will consent to abandon such a life as our forest offers and come with you into "this great solitude of people" which you call New York. Philip, when a man holds a starling in his hand he does not ask the bird whether it will stay here or wing yonder, but he carries it with him where he will; and the starling sings, no less in one place than in another, because its nature is to sing. But, I think, dear Master, the motive which prompts the song in the cage is not the same as the impulse to sing in the forest. So it is with me. If we live here among the trees, where their green waves make a summer sea high in the heavens above our heads, I could be as content as any bird is. But if you make our home in the city, or in the midst of a desert for that matter, I could not withhold one thought from your happiness, for love has transformed me, adapted life itself to a new purpose. I have been "called," and I have no will to resist, because my heart tells me there is goodness in the purpose, a little necklace of womanly virtues for me. When I think of pain, and sorrow, my eyes are holden, I can see only the fair form of love sanctified, and I can hear only your voice calling me to fulfil a destiny which you yourself do not understand. And as all these things approach, Beloved, father's God is more to me than your fine illusion. I wish for guardian angels, I feel the need of a Virgin Mary and of all the lady mothers in heaven to bless me.

But I have been telling you only of my inner life. Outwardly I shall ever be capable of the most heathen mani-

festations. For instance, loving as I do, how do you account for this personal animosity I feel toward you, almost a madness of fear at the thought of your approaching visit? There is something that has never been finished in this affair of our hearts. Perhaps it is that really you have never kissed me. Well, I find it as easy to write of kisses as to review a sentimental romance, but actually there is some instinct in me stronger than mind against the fact, do you understand? Philip, you have no idea of the depths of feminine treachery! Did I ever intimate a willingness to do such a thing? I do not say that I *wish* to kiss another, but I affirm that it would be easier for me to kiss my father's—"presiding elder"—and heaven knows he is a didactic monster of head and whiskers! It is not that I do not love you, but that I do!

Do you know what will happen when you come to Morningtown? I will meet you at the station, not as Jessica, but as the demure little home-made daughter of the Methodist minister here; we will greet each other with blighting formality, for there will be the station-master's wife to observe us; we will walk home along the main street, and we will speak of the most trivial or useful subjects, of the weather in New York, and of Jack more particularly. Out of sheer bravado I will scan your face now and then, but my eyes will not rest there long enough to fall before yours discomfited. When we reach the house father will greet you from his Sinai elevation, with pretty much the same holy-man courtesy Moses would have showed if a heathen Canaanite had appeared to him. And while you two are exchanging platitudes, I will escape into this room of mine, take one glance at my mirror, and then cover my face with my hands for joy and shame while the red waves of love mount as high as they will over it. Ah, Philip, I shall be so glad to see you, and so afraid! But you will have small satisfaction in either fact, for I do not aim to make it easy for you to win what is already yours in my heart.

P. S.—So you are keeping Jack mured up with you and your *magnum opus*. No wonder he "crouches rapt in mysterious silence on the curbstone." He prefers it to your company. You once told me that you found humanitarians difficult to live with: I wonder what Jack thinks of mystic philosophers in the domestic relation. It almost brings tears to my eyes. And some day in a similar situation I may be driven to seek the cold curbstone for companionship.

LETTER XXXV

(Philip to Jessica)

It seems to me as I read your letters, my sweet wife to be, that I am only beginning to learn the richness of my fortune. And will you not, when you write to me next time—will you not call me by one of those dear names that you speak in the whispering gallery of your heart? I shall barely receive more than one letter from you now before I come to see you in person and tell over with you face to face the story of our love. Just a few more days and I shall be free.

But for the present I want to talk to you about Jack. Indeed, I feel a little sore on this point. It was you who proposed our adopting him, yet, after your first words of advice, you have left me to work out the situation quite unaided; and now I can see that you are laughing at me. Poor Jack, he was something like a "philosophical proposition" which I had never very thoroughly analyzed. One thing, however, begins to grow perfectly clear: my home is no place for him; he is only a shadow in my life and needs to take on substance. Well, I thought at last I had solved the problem—or at least that O'Meara had solved it for me; but here too I was disappointed. Really, you must help me out of this muddle.

Do you remember the note-book of O'Meara's that I told you about? Ever since his death I have been too busy really to look through the volume; but day before yesterday it occurred to me that I might find some information

there about Jack's parentage, and with that end in view I spent most of the day deciphering the smeared pages. At first I found everything in the notes except what I wanted, but toward the end of the book I discovered a whole group of memoranda and reflections in which the name Tarrytown occurred again and again. I will read you the notes when I come; without giving many events they tell in a disjointed way a little idyllic episode in the story of his life. He, too, knew love and was loved. There in that village by the Hudson for a few short months he kept the enemy at bay and was happy. And then, too soon, came the fatal story—the only dated note in the book, I believe:

September 3, 1892: A son was born and she has left me to care for him alone. I had thought that happiness might endure, and this too was illusion. I stand by the tomb and read the graven words:
Et ego in Arcadia fui.

And so, yesterday, on a venture I took our little Goblin boy with me to Tarrytown, and after some inquiry found that his mother's relations were farm people living on the outskirts of the town. They proved to have been poor but respectable people. At present only the grandfather is living alone in the house, and he is very feeble. He was willing to assume the care of Jack, but I cannot persuade myself to leave the child in those trembling hands. Indeed, when it comes to the issue, I cannot quite decide to let him go entirely from me, for is he not one of the ties that bind me to you? I have brought him back with me to New York—which will only increase your merriment at my expense.

Some day when you have come to live in New York—if this is to be our home—we will go together up the river to Tarrytown, and you shall see the land where O'Meara dreamed his dream of happiness and where your Goblin boy was born.

And when we go there, I will take you to a bowered nook overlooking the river, where I passed the afternoon reading and thinking of many things.

There together we will sit in the shadow of the trees and talk and plan together how our happiness, at least, shall be made to endure; and you shall teach me to lose this haunting sense of illusion in the great reality of love. And as the evening descends and twilight steals upon the ever-flowing water, I will take you in my arms a moment, and this shall be my vow: God do so to me and more also, if any darkness falls from my life upon yours, until our evening, too, has come and the light of this world passes quietly into the dream that lies beyond.

All this I thought yesterday while I sat alone and read once more the sad record of O'Meara's ruin. He did not stay long in Tarrytown, it seems, after his loss, but came back to New York, bringing Jack with him, in the hope that this care might keep him from the old disgrace. Alas, and alas, you know the end! Sometimes apparently the vision of those peaceful days returned to him with piercing sweetness. Above all he associated them—so one may surmise from a number of memoranda—with a new meaning he began to discover in his beloved Virgil. For, somehow, the story of the "Æneid" became a symbol to him of the illusion of life. Especially the last bewildered, shadowy fight of Turnus, driven by some inner frenzy to his destruction, grew to be the tragedy of his own fall. Many verses from those books he quotes with comments only too clear. And is there not a touch of strange pathos in this memory of his summer joy?—

There the meaning of the "Georgics" was opened to me as it never was before. The stately lines of precept and the sunny pictures of the *latus segetes* seemed to connect themselves with the smiling scenes about us. The little village lay among broad farm-checked hills, and the garden behind my house stretched back to the brow of a deep slope. In the cool shadows of the beech trees that edged this hill I used to lie and read through the long summer mornings; and often I would look up from the page, disturbed by the hoarse cawing of the crows as they flew up from the woods or fields nearby and flapped heavily across the valley. The effect of their flight was simple, but laid hold on the imagination in a

peculiar manner. As they flew in a horizontal line the sloping hillside appeared to drop away beneath them like the subsiding of a great wave. It was just the touch needed to add a sense of mystic instability to the earth and to subtilize the prosaic farmland into the realm of illusion. Looking at the fields in this glorified light I first understood the language of the poet:

Flumina amem silvasque inglorius,

and his pathetic envy of those

"Too happy husbandmen, if but they knew
The wonders of their state!"

And when wearied of this wider scene I turned to the garden itself, still I was in Virgil's haunted world. Some distance from the house was a group of apple trees, under whose protecting branches stood a row of beehives; and nearby, in a tiny rustic arbor, I could sit through many a sunny hour and read, while the hum of bees returning home with their burden of honey sounded in my ears. It was there I learned to enjoy the *levium spectacula rerum*, as he calls the story of his airy tribes; and there in that great quiet of nature,—so wide and solemn that it seemed a reproach against the noisy activities of men,—I learned what the poet meant to signify in those famous lines with which he closes his account of the warring bees:

"These mighty battles, all this tumult of the breast,

With but a little scattered earth are brought to rest."

In this way Jack's father learned the illusion of life by looking back on his happy days. I did not mean to fill my letter with this long extract from his note-book, nor would I end with such ill-omened words. Dear girl, I too have learned the illusion of life in other ways. Teach me, when I come to you, the great reality. In all O'Meara's memoranda after his return to New York I could find only a single allusion to the woman he loved. It was very brief: "On this day two years ago she said I had made her happy!"

Shall I bring happiness to you when I come?

A CODICIL TO LETTER XXXIV

(Jessica to Philip. Written before the receipt of the preceding letter from Philip)

Think of this,—I love you, but I do not know you. I only know your heart, your mind, that part of you

which meets me in spirit like the light from some distant star that slips across my window sill at evening. But you, oh! Philip, I do not know *you*. You are a stranger whom I have seen only twice in my life. Do not be angry, my beloved, I do love you; but cannot you understand that I must get used to the idea of your being some one very real? These are thoughts forced upon me by your approaching visit, and so I ask a favor: Do not tell me when to expect you. If you threaten me with the identical day of your coming, I will vanish from the face of the earth! But if you come upon me unawares, I shall have been spared that consciousness of *confession* face to face involved by a deliberate welcome. And if you come thus, I shall not have time to retire behind my instinctive defence against you. You see that I plan in your favor; that I wish to be unrestrainedly glad when you come.

And about the kisses, you understand of course, dear Philip, that I am incapable of determining them really! I only contemplated the possibility when distance made it an impossibility. Still, you cannot fail to know that I love you, that it would even break my heart if you did not come! For, Philip, a woman's heart is like the Scriptures, apparently full of contradictions, but really it is the symbol of our everlasting truth, if only you have the wisdom to understand it.

And another thing, Philip, the more I think of it, the more I am scandalized by the way you drag that poor Goblin child about. My heart yearns

for him and his solitude in the midst of your philosophies. You have made a perfect jumping-jack of him for your lordly amusement, and it is n't fair. Bring him with you to Morningtown, I charge you. And remember, don't lose him or philosophize him out of existence on the way. I have talked with father about the boy, and he is primed with religious zeal to snatch this tender brand from your burning.

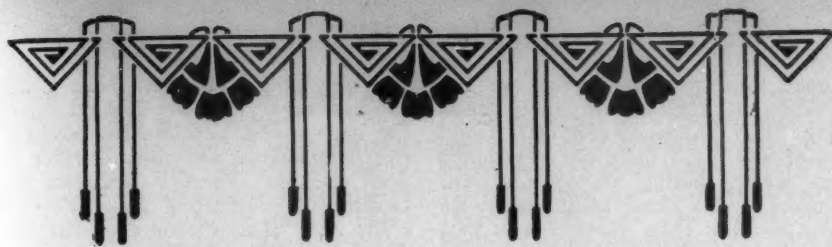
LETTER XXXVI

(Philip to Jessica)

Just a note, sweet lady, to bid you expect me on the afternoon train Thursday—and is not that a long while from to-day? And please do not come to the station. I would not have our meeting chilled by the curious eyes of that station-master's wife; I remember the scrutiny of her gaze too well. And as for our greeting—you have made a very pretty story out of that, but have you not omitted Philip from the account? Is it not just possible that he may mar all Jessica's nicely laid plans? I have a suspicion that, in his crude masculine way, he may prefer to translate into fact what Jessica finds so easy to contemplate in words. I feel a bit uncertain as to how he will behave as a lover; the rôle is new to him, and he may be awkward and a bit vehement.

Yes, I will bring Jack and leave him to be brooded under your kind maternal feathers. You will love him for the pathos of his eyes and for his quaint ways.





Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

It was rather unkind of Mr. Barrie to bring out his play, "Little Mary," so near to Christmas. If we do eat too much it was worse than merciless to rub it in just at a time when every one wants to think of good cheer and plenty. People who have good appetites *should* eat, and those who have not good appetites never do eat much. They take patent medicines or patent cooked foods instead, and try to look as much like "Sunny Jim" as they can. I am sorry for them, because I am always on the side of the person with the large appetite who looks like "Sunny Jim" without making any effort to do so. You can cultivate a large appetite just as much as you can cultivate a large income, but it is difficult to cultivate both together. As some one once said, Society is made up of a crowd with large appetites and small incomes at one end of the table, and small appetites and large incomes at the other. Mr. Barrie is really all wrong in his theories. I ask him whether it is possible for him, with his large income, to cultivate a large appetite. No; his appetite is, I am certain, small. People don't eat too much, but they spend too much on what they do eat. That is probably what Mr. Barrie meant, and that is really true. The big restaurants have netted a great many people who can well afford to pay for what they eat, but because they are the haunts of the *nouveaux riches* they attract a very large number who cannot afford to pay for a waiter behind each chair. I wish that Mr. Barrie had turned his genius for success to writing a play to prove

that people underfeed their minds instead of overfeeding their bodies. There is plenty to be said on that subject at any rate as to eleven months out of the year. During the twelfth month, 't is true, people do spend a small portion of their incomes in Christmas books, and that twelfth month has now arrived, and with it a crop of books as large as ever. The book has its rivals, of course, like every other good thing, and among these may be classed the picture postcard, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and other articles of furniture. As to the picture postcard, it is but a craze of the moment, but a real parasitic incubus at that. The picture postcard is the scourge of the Continent, and Great Britain and the German Emperor should be called upon to put it down. Grown men and women in thousands are so bitten with the craze, that they cannot pass a picture postcard shop without entering. The picture postcard dealer is for the time as popular as the tavern-keeper is always. As to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in the name of truth I ask everybody before thinking of purchasing a copy on any hire system to ask the nearest second-hand bookseller at what price he can supply a copy. Hundreds of second-hand copies of this book are being thrown out by purchases on the *Times* system, and these can be had for about half the price of the *Times* copies.

I have been asking myself the past few days what is it that we should expect to find in our Christmas books in particular and in books for to-day generally? When, as now, thousands of people come to the bookshops to

choose their presents, what are the qualities that they should satisfy themselves their purchases contain? Good humor and good taste are the things best worth finding in combination. If there is one thing more clearly an unwritten law than another it is that there is no need to be dull in order to prove that you are wise. Picturesqueness in all matters historical is really essential. Footnotes and an appendix are not the best means of convincing people. Footnotes and appendices had far better be left out. Books suffer and expire from appendicitis just like ordinary people. Every one wants the sinews of things and real flesh and blood, and many are not satisfied unless they have battle, murder, and sudden death thrown in. What no one will have are dry bones. Good humor and good taste include a good deal. They include the thousand and one things which go to make unproclaimed law—a book should be a gentleman always, excepting works of genius, which are a law unto themselves. The good book should be free from frenzy. It should be restrained, unless it sets out to be a sort of variety entertainment, like "Six Chapters of a Man's Life." Remember

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Then there is that much-abused word "clever." It is applied indiscriminately, generally, and individually to men, women, and books, and a thousand other things. When applied to books I am bound to ask myself, In what way is such a book clever? Is it knowledgeable? Is it diabolical? Is it subtle? And often the question resolves itself into, Is the author a madman or an idiot? I prefer him as a madman if he has a method in his madness. The public, then, wants good humor and plenty of it, and it wants good value for its money.

To take a survey of all the new books and pull out those which appear to me to have most merit is very difficult, but I must do it, and probably by the time I have come to the end of my paper and the measure of this letter the list

will only be just begun. Now I will suppose that you want to send one of the handsomest and loveliest books to the handsomest and most lovable of your friends. There is a choice between the book upon Sargent's portraits and "The Children of the Old Masters," both books brought out under the care of Mrs. Meynell. In a smaller way, as regards cost, there is a volume of Drawings by C. Dana Gibson called "The Weaker Sex"; and for a sporting friend a most excellent and inexpensive present, "Slipper's A B C of Fox Hunting." Slipper will be remembered by all readers of "The Reminiscences of an Irish R.M." Although these large books are much less in favor than a few years ago, they still seem a little necessary, for without a large present many people are not persuaded of a large heart. There is one class of books of which we desire more, but of which the supply would seem to be running short. These are books of memoirs. This year it is doubtful if there are as many as usual. Lady Burghclere has done well in choosing as the subject of a memoir George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, a gentleman of parts and of passion who lived in the cheery period of the Restoration. Lady Burghclere has done her work very thoroughly and has included nine fine portraits in her volume. The amazing thing is that no one has before written any life of this George Villiers. Sir Herbert Maxwell has edited "The Creevey Papers: A Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the Late Thomas Creevey, M.P." One may look in vain in biographical dictionaries for any mention of Thomas Creevey. The name sounds strange and unfamiliar, but readers of "Charles Greville's Journals" will remember in one of the early volumes some reference to Creevey. He is there admirably described in one of Greville's pen-portraits quaintly as possessing "nothing but his clothes, a great many acquaintances, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits." Creevey led a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who were delighted to have him, and roving about just as fancy hap-

pened to direct, until he spent what money he had in his pocket. He had no servant, no home, no creditors. Greville said that he was the only man in society who possessed nothing. The volumes which Sir Herbert Maxwell has published contain a large number of Creevey's letters. The Journal which he kept has yet to be found before it can be given to the public. Mr. Noel Williams has brought out a volume on Madame Montespan uniform with his book upon Madame Récamier. Mr. Tallentyre has written a new life of Voltaire, and Mr. Henderson a new and very full life of Nero. Mr. Fitchett's new book is called "A Seaman of the Blockades," and no better writer for boys exists. Miss Evelyn Sharp has now taken a prominent place as a writer for children. She has succeeded to the honorable estate so long held by Mrs. Molesworth. Miss Sharp's new book is called "The Children Who Ran Away." An excellent book, too, is "The Children's Book of London," by G. E. Mitton, with stories of tournaments, palaces, pageants, plagues, and plots, and with many colored illustrations. The "Golliwog" remains with us, and this time presides over a circus. Mrs. Ernest Ames has another new attractive colored book called "Tim and the Dustyman." Mr. Punch has "A New Book for Children," also with some capital colored pictures. "The Animals' Academy," with verses by Clifton Bingham, is full of boisterous fun and bright color.

• Many people will expect me to tell them of some half-a-dozen volumes which may be bought in dozens for general distribution. Such books are

a great saving of time. I commend "The Maxims of Vauvenargues" as containing good reading for everybody from the King downwards. Some will say that they do not know Vauvenargues. All such had better make haste to repair the omission. In Vauvenargues will be found what is never found in any English author—the art of the aphorism carried to perfection. Bacon, of all English writers, possessed it best, but we have to go to French literature if we would see the aphorism in its native soil. Vauvenargues was a great intellectual "swell" of the seventeenth century. Mrs. Glyn's book, "The Damsel and the Sage," is a small volume, charming, subtle, and daintily produced. Every one should have at least a dozen copies to give away. "The Cynic's Posy," by G. F. Monks-hood, is a compilation of amusing sentences, gathered from many fugitive sources. I commend as well two little books just issued in a form well suited for giving away, "The Wisdom of the Foolish" and "The Great Stone Face," the last-named a reprint of Hawthorne's fine story. Mr. Farrow's "Absurd Ditties" reminds us of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Farrow's rhymes are exuberant, and his volume worthy of the "Bab Ballads," which no doubt suggested it:

Twice Mr. Gilbert sang to you
Of Bishop P., of Rum-ti-foo;
Now by your leave I'll do that too,
Altho' I'm bound to fail.

But he does not fail.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, December, 1903.



The Editor's Clearing-House

The contributions to this department are supposed to be somewhat more intimate in manner and subject than those in other parts of the magazine. They are more or less the expression of personal feeling. It may be the airing of a grievance, the exploiting of an enthusiasm. Perhaps the remarks here made may arouse discussion among their readers. So much the better. The editor will, when moved to do so, comment on the contributions. The department will be, as it were, an editorial clearing-house in which it is hoped that every reader of THE CRITIC will become personally interested.

Browning for Household Use: An Examination

Browningists are requested to answer the following questions:

1. Give Browning's opinion on the state of the stomach before breakfast.
2. Quote the poet on the effect of over-eating.
3. When does Browning speak of pea-soup? Of pan-cakes? Of mince-meat?
4. What method of cooking liver does he advise? How should it be garnished?
5. When should parsley be used?
6. What are the ingredients of savory soup?
7. What is the effect of "parritch"? What is the poet's opinion of the proper consistency of cheese-balls?
8. Where do we find an Italian prototype of the club-sandwich?
9. To what rhetorical use does Browning put the popular method of frying fritters in deep fat?
10. What principle does Browning lay down on the subject of feeding infants?
11. What does he suggest for the teething child?
12. What advice is given on the use of soap, and what influence should the price of the article have upon the habit?
13. Quote the poet on the best method of cleansing woollens.
14. What are his objections to the washing of dyed fabrics?
15. What should be used in sweeping ceilings?
16. Give his reasons for questioning the authenticity of back hair.
17. State the result to the complexion of an excessive use of Breganze wine.
18. What is the effect of ceruse as a cosmetic?
19. For what lip-salve does Browning give the ingredients?
20. What precautions does the poet advise in the matter of corset lacing?

Imagination versus Illustration

There is nothing that most of us dislike quite so much as being forced to the viewpoint of another. And yet, in the matter of magazine pictures, we are doing this every day.

Do the majority of us prefer the artist's heroine, or do we unconsciously form a mental picture of what the woman should be like? When two stories in one magazine are illustrated, as is frequently the case, by the same man, and the hero of a Western tale bears the identical features of the lord in the London romance, does it not detract in a measure from the interest of each? To be obliged to accept the scornful, haughty female of an artist's imagination, frequently out of accord with that of the writer, is, to say the least, tantalizing. Beauty of the "who-on-earth-are-you?" type sometimes palls. There are times when we long for a plain, unconventionally attired heroine, whose hair is not dressed à la pompadour, and who has the sort of face that one meets in real life. And just here we are forced to the suspicion that the artist who undertakes to illustrate the tale does not always read it, hence his inadequate conception of the author's characters. For example, a tale of New England life recently appeared in one of our best magazines. The writer called for a heroine of the short, plump type. The artist, with the time-worn, preconceived idea of all Yankee women, depicts the heroine as tall and lean. He probably preferred the flowing lines of the thin woman, but we, who had read the text, could not so rapidly readjust our ideas.

Surely one of the joys of reading exists in the roving of the fancy. Is it not a distinct refreshment to take up a book full of fiction and empty of pictures? If one chances to be a man and in love, the sweetest girl of all can wander through the scenes laid before him. Or, if a woman, she need not obstruct the vision of the One Man with an inferior type of the masculine. When the writer describes a

charming retreat we are at liberty to bask on some sun-bathed embankment of our own creation, or by some wood-bordered lake where we have once dreamed away a happy hour. There are some who cannot read rural descriptions without laying the scene in some spot familiar to their childhood. To one woman such descriptions conjure up a vision of her grandfather's house. To another, all love scenes are enacted in the home of one of her childhood's friends.

To this day the Bible story of Joseph in the pit brings to my mind a drain-hole in the gutter of our street, which served as the pit into which his brothers cast him. In my childish fear lest he should be overlooked by the on-coming Ishmaelites, I fancied his head protruding over the edge of the pit, in convenient view of his rescuers.

The Holy Manger was in the cow-barn, and the Fiery Furnace was an imaginary seething cauldron running along one side of our kitchen wall—which connection is obvious. Anything, from bread to men, would be baked in the same place.

Commercially, no doubt, pictures pay. They pique curiosity as to a story which would not otherwise be read. But, artistically, are they not often great bores?

EDITH HARMAN BROWN.

A Defence of the Stage of To-Day

Once again that oldest of old wails is ascending to heaven—the degeneracy of the stage. Occasionally there is a brief lull, and then once more the cry goes up, "Where are the plays and players of yesterday?" Just at present another wail accompanies the first, "Why have we no American drama?" Pessimism as regards dramatic art seems to be generally looked upon as the hall-mark of a competent critic.

To begin with, what is meant by "American drama"? Plays dealing with contemporary life in America? Well, how many plays did Shakespeare write about English life as he knew it? And granted that American playwrights should be encouraged, whose fault is it if they are not? The much-abused "commercial manager" solely? So long as the public demands the most expensive of costumes and scenery, so long as the costliness of a production can be used as one of the principal inducements to visit a particular theatre, so long will managers be shy of new plays and new playwrights, for, unfortunately,

neither managers nor actors can live on art alone.

As for the plays of yesterday—which means Shakespeare—there are many promised for this year, thanks chiefly to another person often much abused, the actor-manager, to whom, indeed, we owe a great debt of gratitude.

If we have not had many performances of Shakespearian or other poetic plays recently, it is certainly not the fault of the actors. It is a standing joke that the ambition of every actor is to play Hamlet, and that Juliet is the goal of every actress—a worthy ambition surely, though one which messieurs the critics apparently do their best to discourage. Let it be announced that Mr. So-and-so, the popular comedian, is about to play "Benedick," and immediately the cry is, "Alas! how the stage has degenerated! Is Mr. So-and-so the best we can do?" To hear some of the critics, one would imagine that fifty years or so ago Booths grew on every tree.

The one hope of the drama is said to lie in a return to the stock-company system. That it would be an excellent thing to have companies composed entirely, or almost entirely, of first-class actors, and presenting a large variety of plays, is true. It is also true that the present attitude of the public makes such companies well-nigh impossible.

The real "best friend" of the drama is the actor-manager, or, in default of him, the actor who is able to choose his own plays. Look back over the record of the past few years; to whom do we owe "Cyran de Bergerac," "Old Heidelberg," "Henry the Fifth," "Julius Cæsar," and many others? To Richard Mansfield. It is to another actor, E. H. Sothern, that we are indebted for "The Sunken Bell," "If I Were King," and an intelligent performance of "Hamlet." Henrietta Crosman's choice, as soon as she became popular and independent, was, "As You Like It"; and so on, down a list too long to enumerate. The number of these "independents" is increasing every day, and the brightness of the dramatic outlook increases in equal ratio, in spite of musical comedies and the pessimism of the critics.

It may be that one day, when we who are now young and enthusiastic are old and *blasé*, we will prate to our children's children of the glories of "the good old times"; telling them of Mansfield, Willard, Martin, Harvey, and Irving, of Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, and Julia Marlowe—but would it not be well to help

these on now by encouraging their good work and so assist them to prevent any "degeneration of the stage?"

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

While we may not agree with all the writer of this defence says, we are glad to hear her optimistic voice. There are good plays and good actors to be seen to-day in spite of all

that is said to the contrary. The present unprofitable season will no doubt have a good effect upon the stage, in bringing about the survival of the fittest. We are suffering from an overproduction of "stars," to fit whose flickering light poor plays are made to order. When these rush lights have ceased to flicker the stage will shine in the bright light of electric stars.

Ed. CRITIC.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

The Countess Potocka's book about Theodore Leschetizky* has been awaited for some time. Stevenson used to say that he was one of the very few who remember their own lives—Leschetizky evidently remembers his, and

Two Musical Books.

his recollections make interesting reading. It is not only an entertaining biography, but a good picture of musical and artistic circles that are not yet familiar to American readers. The book is rich in anecdotes; of Liszt, Czerny, Alexander III., Rachel, Essipoff, Tschaiakowsky, Rubinstein, Paderewski (of course), and many others. Finally Leschetizky's character and idiosyncrasies are discussed, and give a fair picture of the still young old man who has brought so much inspiration and excitement into so many lives, and whom no one interested in music can overlook. As to the much discussed method, Leschetizky is quoted as saying, "It can easily be described in half a page, but it would take volumes to give any idea of it."

The other day one of Leschetizky's many critics, tired of hearing him called the Just, wrote down his opinion of a method which could produce such utterly unlike performances as those of Gabrilowitsch and Hambourg, of Essipoff and Paderewski, of Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and Slwinski, etc. Could any true teacher desire a finer epitaph? and could any praise be more welcome to the ears of that prince of individualists, Theodore Leschetizky?

Another musical book which will be of general interest is Hermann Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London."† A leading critic in London for that period of time, Mr. Klein had an excellent point of vantage from which to view the passing show, and the result is an entertaining book. The headings of the

* "Theodore Leschetizky." By Comtesse ANGLE POTOCKA. Century Co. \$2.00 net.

† "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London." By HERMANN KLEIN. Century Co. \$2.40 net.

chapters give a complete synopsis of the musical history of the period; while the array of portrait illustrations can only be likened to the stars of the spangled firmament. All our old metropolitan favorites appear, many of them in unfamiliar poses.

Happy must have been the lot of the young musical enthusiast in London in 1870. Then the author heard for the first time Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, Scalchi, Tamberlik, Mario, Faure, Christine Nilsson, Tietjens, Ilma de Murska, Capoul, Wachtel, Santley, Alboni, and Sims Reeves; Sivori, Viex-tempes, Wieniawski, Neruda, Joachim, and Clara Schumann! "Looking back after thirty years," says Mr. Klein, "and with every wish to avoid the objectionable manner of the *laudator temporis acti*, it seems to me that that was a veritable 'age of giants.'"

However, the *amour propre* of the present musical devotee is soothed by sympathetic descriptions of our contemporary idols. We hear how Jean de Reszke began to study Wagner, what Seidl thought of Richter's conducting, how much slower the English critics were than our own in recognizing Paderewski's genius, how "Major" Kitchener drilled the army of supers in the Drury Lane Theatre, and much more good gossip. Mr. Klein studied for many years with Manuel Garcia, so the reader has the satisfaction of feeling that the many descriptions given of the great song voices of our time and our fathers' time are given by one who knows.

GRACE E. MARTIN.

Had I ever seen an announcement of this book,* or ever heard of its author, I should, as an American, have looked forward to its publication. For there is no history, that is, no exhaustive history, of American art, and, so

Alas for Art Criticism in America!

* "A History of American Art." By SADAKICHI HARTMANN. L. C. Page. \$2.00.

far, there has been no American historian of art. Professor Van Dyke has produced his admirable college histories, but they are little more than text-books, and he is now at work upon an important series which, without doubt, will be of great value, but it has not yet begun to appear. Therefore, though I was somewhat surprised to get this unannounced work by an author of whom I had never heard, I was interested. I wished to see what the author had to say about American art, and what he might, perhaps, have to say about myself. I am so immodest as to admit that I at once turned to the index. There I found I was enshrined. But when I referred to the pages where my name appeared, I cannot say I was flattered—I was furious. I perceived that either the work which I have been taught over here to think of some importance is not so regarded in my native land, or else that the author was not aware of it. However, I also learned within a few minutes that, if I am without a name in America as an illustrator, Mr. Abbey is unknown as a painter, while the most cursory glance showed me that American artists as distinguished as Mr. J. McLure Hamilton, Mr. Henry Muhrman, and Mr. Mark Fisher were not mentioned. When I discovered further that Mr. Frank Millet was ignored, and Mr. Hopkinson Smith all but omitted, I felt that the book must be read carefully.

Mr., Mrs., or Miss Sadakichi Hartmann—it is difficult to recognize the sex in the name or the work—begins with the very beginning of white man's art in America, and recounts how the Cherokee Indians taught Benjamin West "the secret of preparing color," by which he profited so much that the "poor Quaker" became President of the Royal Academy of Arts, and painted a canvas "200 by 264"—whether feet, inches, or metres the author does not inform us, and West, we know, was a generous patron of the canvas- and color-maker. But it is rather hard on the Cherokee Indians that there should be no further reference to them. If they are the founders of the American school, they deserve a little more history than this. However, I am afraid the author draws his historical line with the color line, for if West was the first American prodigy, Mr. O. H. Tanner, an American gentleman of color, is the last, and though this artist won not a little of his celebrity owing to the color of his skin, no mention whatever is made of the fact. The author brings his history, by devious paths, up to the present. We learn,

incidentally, of Sully's portraits that nearly every "Philadelphia family"—this proves the writer is not of that town—with ancestors "has to show some of these sweet musing faces, with their robes draped picturesquely about them, and with nothing to do but to look graceful." I have seen Raphael's sweet faces with clouds draped about them; but, though I am a Philadelphian and am told that I had ancestors, I never saw such things in paint in any of their houses. Then we are reminded, sadly, that there was little for a painter to learn in Europe at that time, no matter where he went; though now, it seems, he learns too much. But still, there was Washington Allston, "a sort of American Titian," whose "nobility of character can best be traced in his outline drawings." And there was the Hudson River School, in whose defence it is said that, after all, "in a few years the impressionists will also 'be old fogies' and lament over the inconsistency of art instead of their own visual disturbances." But art was looking up. "Our landscape painters began to strive for a more faithful photographic representation of nature." Then another twist was given to American art, and our artists rushed off to suggest the "symbolical meaning" of Corot, and there, apparently, we stick.

Naturally, there has been more than one "peculiar phenomenon" in "our art." For example, there is

Maria à Becket, who, in moods of religious ecstasy, with so intense an energy as to raise blisters at her finger-tips, paints impressionistic sketches which would have gained her a reputation in Europe long ago. Although she is of frail build, she has the vigorous touch of a man.

This beats the gentleman who painted with his toes in Antwerp. But we can go one better than that in America, for

we may regard R. A. Blakeloch (1847—) as a direct descendant of Rousseau. He had a strong personality, however, and his peculiar canvases, painted with a skewer such as the butchers use, blackened with madness and illumined with a weird, tearful moonlight—insufficient as they may be in many respects—are at least the original expression of a soul.

But if you want the really choice, just turn to Mr. Dewing's work:

I know nothing in painting which possesses such an exquisite (intellectual) flavour, except

it were the browns of Orchardson or the grayish greens of Théophile Reichardt (?). It is a most peculiar flavour. I am quite a connoisseur of wines; let me see if I can fix it. It is some rare brand. It is neither Château d'Yquem, nor Tokay, nor Lachrimæ Christi, nor Veuve Clicquot. Now I have it. It is perhaps like a cup of Imperial Japanese tea, at about twenty dollars a pound, of mild florescence, delicious in taste, and yet with some strength, by no means effeminate.

The pictures of Dewing are devoted to a certain type of human beings; to represent beautiful ladies, mostly mature women of thirty, is their sole aim.

No wonder that in the "spacious empty interiors" of this painter, "one" feels "*à son aise*, with something Old Italian about them." But, not to make the mistake of thinking the exquisite tea flavor the final outcome of American art, one must see Mr. A. P. Ryder's "Flying Dutchman":

The world-weary phantom ship, adrift on the tempestuous sea of time—its colossal troughs bedizened with the lurid glamour of a goblin sun—is seen struggling in the left distance, in an atmosphere laden with Good Friday gloom and glory, on a mighty wave, *upwards*! This upward movement is genius, pure and mighty, that will live for centuries to come [if no varnish slides occur].

Where, where is Ruskin now? I regret that I must refrain from considering many of the other great Americans, or alas!—for we are told we possess them—"our mentally barren, from photograph working, and yet so *blasé*, sweet-caramel artists," and turn to American art in Europe, and to Whistler. We learn that Whistler "startled old and influenced young artists" by his "Ten O'Clock Tea," that he "embraced the Symbolist movement," but that "nothing startling from his hand has been seen for years." Yet, despite all this, America would claim him. We learn that the English art critic, P. G. Hamerton, "gave him about the right position" as an etcher, and that his work in France impresses even the author, who says "Nobody has ever rendered the richly based arabesques" of the Loire "with more analytical delicacy." Probably not—only, I should like to know where the arabesques come in. In his lithographs, even in "his delightful nude studies . . . from which all materiality has been eschewed," though "lightly his chalk pirouettes upon the paper," Whistler cannot, it seems, touch C. H. Shannon, who, "on the other hand, is a true lithographer, but it is difficult to tell the differ-

ence." Quite so; just as it is difficult for any one who is not well informed to know that C. H. Shannon is an Englishman, and that J. J. Shannon is the American. But the apparent want of knowledge is curious in the historian.

Architecture finds no place in a history of American art, according to this author, but Photography does. One might gather equally instructive and cultured pronouncements from the chapters on Sculpture and the Graphic Arts. And, really, I cannot resist quoting the "fable of 'Sculptors and Storehouses,'" and the fate of Mr. Donoghue's "Spirit," intended for exhibition at Chicago, but, by some misunderstanding with the authorities, left till it crumbled away on a Brooklyn wharf:

The figure, which occupied a sitting position—left instep under right heel, right hand on right thigh, the left hand resting on wrist of right—was thirty feet high, the little toe being bigger than a man's hand. The face, radiating something of the wild seductive charm of the full moon, was still uplifted to celestial regions, while the eyes looked downward into the abyss, and it was as if burning glances did glide along the edges of the mighty wings that swept forward and downward in a bold and vigorous curve. There was something sublime about it, some mysterious power causing us to feel as if it could lift the roof of our prison-like dwellings and diffuse light and air into the stifling atmosphere in which the majority of us spend our lives. I wish he could have placed it in bronze, on one of the fantastic rocks of Southern Colorado, and let the eagles wing around it, until humanity would begin to pilgrim to it as to the Sphinx of old.

One pauses, too staggered to do more than wonder if this is the latest outcome of the new criticism—or what?

JOSEPH PENNELL.

William Rossetti has already played the part of a loyal brother in his biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in his art essays, and in the volume on Ruskin and Pre-Raphaelitism. He has done what he could to make the poet-artist known to the world, but this latest compilation* can only give light to those already initiate into the intricacies of the subject. On laying down the volume the general impression is of having been present at a dinner party of notables where the conversation had turned purely on the details of the bill-of-fare. The pictures given are, as a rule, of the less signifi-

*"Rossetti Papers, 1862-1870." A compilation by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Scribners. \$2.50 net.

cant phases of an interesting life. Before her marriage, the elder Mrs. Rossetti expressed a fervent hope that both her husband and her children should be distinguished in intellect. "I have had my wish," she says in 1872, "and now I wish that there were a little less intellect in the family so as to allow for a little more common sense." But why not emphasize the intellect and ignore the lack of common sense, preserve the best and let the rest be forgotten?

When Rossetti writes to Madox Brown that he has bought for £2 "a most God-like picture of the old Swan Inn, . . . a work that would ravish your soul," the average reader is tempted to think that there is a lack of mental perspective in employing adjectives thus lavishly. To him it seems that the critic prefers originality to truth. Much of this correspondence is trivial and blotting to the personality that rightfully affected a generation. The list of those who wrote and received the letters is full of promise,—Ruskin, Froude, Gilchrist, Stillman, Madox Brown, and a host of others, besides the Rossettis themselves. The promise, however, is only very partially fulfilled and little is added to one's knowledge of any of the writers. The period covered (1862-70) is the second part of

the careers of most of them. The enthusiasm, the idealism, of the little group of Pre-Raphaelites and of the outer circles tangent to the inner ring here and there, has, perhaps, passed. There is a note of profound discouragement, as, for instance, when Ruskin writes: "I've been thinking of asking if I could rent a room in your Chelsea house, but I'm so tottery in mind that I have no business to tease any one by asking questions," and the effect is depressing.

Letters cannot justly be thrown out to a cold world without more context than bare notes. How charming is the atmosphere infused by Henry James into the background of the Story letters! However, the diary of the brothers' continental trip has some suggestive bits of art criticism, and here and there something may be culled from the unvitalized chronicle. But there is small profit for the average reader. Let him turn to Hueffer's sympathetic appreciation, to Nicholson's exquisite summary of Rossetti's legacy to the world, to the delicate characterization of Spens, to a host of other works more or less adequate to help him estimate the worth of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, if he cannot immediately find it for himself.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

BIOGRAPHY

Kobbé—Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes. By Gustav Kobbé. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00 net.

Mr. Kobbé has gathered together his various papers on "Actors and Actresses and Their Homes" which were originally printed in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. They are interesting and told in Mr. Kobbé's pleasant journalistic manner. We think, however, that Mr. Kobbé is wrong when he says that Miss Julia Marlowe was born in Canton, Ohio. Our impression, gained from Miss Marlowe herself, is that she was born in Cumberlandshire, England.

Newcomb—The Reminiscences of an Astronomer. By Simon Newcomb. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50 net.

The reminiscences of Prof. Newcomb will, of course, appeal mainly to readers who are interested in the progress of science, and who will accordingly follow with keen attention his

accounts of astronomical expeditions, of the construction of great telescopes, of observatory work, etc. But that Prof. Newcomb is not blind to what occurs outside the boundaries of his special pursuit may be seen from his references to political and civic conditions at Washington, the negro problem, and certain burning questions of economics. A chapter on "Men and Things" in Europe includes an account of the author's experiences in Paris during the Commune.

Rowlands—Among the Great Masters of the Drama. By Walter Rowlands. Estes. \$1.20 net.

The sixth volume of the "Great Masters" series. The subjects are thirty-three in number, of various nationalities, beginning with Shakespeare and ending with Mary Anderson. The sketches are brief, and are largely made up of quotations from critical writers. The text is illustrated by thirty-two reproductions of famous pictures.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

Baum—The Enchanted Island of Yew. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

If all the children who have enjoyed "The Wizard of Oz" read "The Enchanted Island of Yew," the author need ask for no larger an audience. Mr. Baum has the happy faculty of killing two birds with one stone—children and grown-ups.

Denslow—One Ring Circus, and Other Stories. By W. W. Denslow. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.

These amusing juveniles may be had all under one cover or in separate parts as pleases the taste of the child. There is no more popular caterer to young people's tastes than Mr. Denslow.

ESSAYS

Dinsmore—Aids to the Study of Dante. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Houghton. \$1.50.

Among the many "Introductions," and "Companions," and "Handbooks" to Dante's "Divina Commedia," this latest essay of Mr. Dinsmore will occupy a place of worth and usefulness. While it does not supersede Scartazzini's and Symonds's, which are widely used, Mr. Dinsmore's book contains the substance of his predecessors and much more. Likewise it is orderly arranged. We have tested it by use in a circle of Dante readers, and ignoring some minute criticisms, enthusiastically recommend the book to students of the "Divine Comedy."

Hale—We the People. By Edward Everett Hale. Dodd. \$1.20 net.

Made up of brief papers on historical, political, social, and religious topics, contributed to the New York *American*, the *Christian Register*, and the *Lend a Hand Record*, and not unworthy of preservation in book form.

Hay—Castilian Days. By John Hay. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

The publishers of Mr. Hay's "Castilian Days" have done well to bring out a new edition of that delightful book. The illustrations, by Mr. Joseph Pennell, add much to its attractions. Certain chapters have been omitted from the book for diplomatic reasons, but their absence in no way detracts from the completeness or charm of the volume.

Stevenson—Essays and Criticisms. By Robert Louis Stevenson. H. B. Turner & Co. \$1.25.

Most of these papers have appeared in the *Edinburgh* and *Thistle*, and all appeared originally in some English periodical, but they are now collected in one volume for the first time. The table of contents is divided into three sections: "On the Road," "Literary Papers," and "Swiss Notes." The volume, which is printed in clear and large type, is of a size convenient for the pocket.

FICTION

Barr—The Black Shilling. By Amelia E. Barr. Dodd. \$1.50.

Mrs. Barr's latest novel is a strange combination of emotions and events. Opening in the English Boston at the end of the seventeenth century, the scene soon shifts to the American town. There the chief interest, outside, of course, the love tales, gathers around historic personages, the Mathers, those stern Puritans who believed in witchcraft and the punishment of witches. Those were dire times, and how her heroine came through them unscathed is for Mrs. Barr to tell.

Boyce—The Forerunner. By Neith Boyce. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.50.

In this novel are delineated the contrast and friction between two generations of Americans,—the generation of those whose pleasure is in risk and achievement, and of those who spend and enjoy. After a slow, crude, unmagnetic beginning, the story develops a strong interest, working up to the intense and sad interview during which Dan Devin, in the hiatus between the failure of one of his enterprises and the success of another, discovers that his wife has no love for him except as a provider of wealth. In the publishers' announcements the hero is spoken of as a "promoter," but this word, with its subtle connotation of unscrupulousness, seems scarcely correct as applied to Dan's sincerity. The action of the book takes place first in Los Angeles at the time of the failure of the boom, and, later, in New York, and in a Wyoming mining town.

Brown—The Millionaire's Son. By Anna Robeson Brown. Estes. \$1.50.

A readable, if not wholly original attempt to show the superiority of other things than money. The contrast between the lives of poor artists and rich philistines may need no fresh emphasis; but it is here dwelt upon throughout with feeling and sincerity. The narrative is capably handled and has glimpses, now and then, of something considerably beyond its own almost commonplace average.

Dallas—A Master Hand. By Richard Dallas. Putnam. \$1.00.

Whether or not this be a "true story," as the Preface states, it is good enough to need no apology for its existence. An unusually lucid and unsensational narrative of a murder and the final discovery of its perpetrator, it offers a study in the value of "circumstantial evidence" that students of the law and of human nature ought to find interesting. The story is told simply and compactly, without any of the trickery of the ordinary "detective story." "A Master Hand" has a professional touch.

Davis—The Little Chevalier. By Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A tale of New Orleans in the eighteenth century under the French régime. The hero,

the Little Chevalier, is a French viscount, who comes over in quest of an enemy and becomes involved in many adventures, including fighting with the Indians. He shows gallantry of another kind also, so that when he returns to Paris he does not go back alone.

Footo—A Touch of Sun, and Other Stories. By Mary Hallock Footo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Four stories: "A Touch of Sun," "The Maid's Progress," "Pilgrims to Mecca [*s. e., Boston,*]" and "The Harshaw Bride." Their plots have considerable variety, but they all have some connection with the Far West, as it is in these post-Bret-Harte times.

Haggard—Stella Iregelius. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans. \$1.50.

We have known Mr. Rider Haggard hitherto as a beguiling "raconteur" of weird and impossible tales and of novels of adventure and romance with historical backgrounds. Here he has entered a different field and set himself a difficult task: to depict the conflict "between a departed and a present personality . . . between earthly duty and spiritual desire." How he has done this the reader will find out for himself. It is not a dull nor a stupid book; but there is an odd mixture of the everyday and conventional with the mystic and unusual.

Hains—The Strife of the Sea. By T. Jenkins Hains. Baker-Taylor. \$1.50.

In these sea yarns there is an uncommon quality, something like what characterizes Kipling's "Jungle Books." Mr. Hains does for fish what Mr. Thompson Seton does for beasts; for he puts in them a man's mind and heart.

Lessing—Children of Men. By Bruno Lessing. McClure. \$1.50.

For picturesqueness and pathos these stories of the New York ghetto surpass most of the fiction of the day. The writer is possessed with the humor of the wandering Jew, passing through the sweat-shops and the slum. It is only the self-restraint in the art of the author that keeps some of these stories from being intolerably painful. Yet they are fine, fine in their way as Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," and they ought to live as long.

Lubbock—Round the Horn before the Mast. By Basil Lubbock. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

A contemporary adventure story, purporting to be a narrative of actual experience, and told in an extremely colloquial and slangy style. There is very little flavor of romance in the record of the *Royalshire's* voyage, and if the picture of the modern seaman's life is literal, it is by no means engaging.

Major—A Forest Hearth. By Charles Major. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

After "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" it is with surprise and pleasure that we note the

publication of "A Forest Hearth." While, like its predecessors, it is conspicuous for its fine disregard of the technicalities of the language in which it is written, it is a long step upward and onward. "A Forest Hearth" is clean, simple, and beautifully young, and we forgive Mr. Major the paucity of his vocabulary and the weak-mindedness of his heroine, for the freshness and vitality which he has infused into this ingenuous little love story. Moreover, Mr. Major has at last created a personality, that of "Billy Little." The rest of his characters are stock-types, but Billy Little, with his gray head and his young heart and his trunkful of love relics, is genuinely alive, and well worth meeting. And Rita, in spite of her insipidity, is vastly preferable to those erratic and unreserved young women, "Mary Tudor" and "Dorothy Vernon."

Merriam—Barlasch of the Guard. By Henry Seton Merriman. McClure. \$1.50.

Mr. Merriman has a story to tell, and he writes good English. Such mannerisms as he has are not unpleasing. We like his strong, silent men; his brave women who smile "when it is tears that are there"; his other characters, good and bad; and if we have met most of them before under various disguises we are still glad to greet them again.

The tale plays in Napoleon's time. Barlasch of the Guard is an old soldier who devotes himself to the service of a young girl and in the end gives his life for her. The book is illustrated by the Kinneys.

Miller—Calderon's Prisoner. By Alice Duer Miller. Scribner. \$1.50.

An original tale of Spanish-South-American life and ways, told in a bright fashion. "Cyril Vane's Wife," a story in the same volume, is a decent sketch which will do nobody any harm.

Oppenheim—The Yellow Crayon. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Dodd. \$1.50.

The dukes and princes to whom Mr. Oppenheim bewilderingly introduces us were the members of a secret society pledged to exterminate "anarchists and socialists." The author has made a determined effort to be startling and succeeds, instead, now and then in being amusing. Literature of this order does not ordinarily find its way into cloth covers.

Pennell—The Buckeye Doctor. By William W. Pennell. Grafton Press. \$1.50.

Another story of the young doctor who attempts to settle, unknown, in a small town, and has the usual series of difficulties. The personal element in a professional man's life and the comedies and tragedies he encounters in an illiterate community are capably told and have the air of reminiscence. Naturally, it is fellow-physicians who will find it most interesting.

Ray—Ursula's Freshman. By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.

This is a fair story even though a little lengthy. A breezy healthfulness passes through the

pages which record the career of a sane Western country girl in New York and a prig of a boy who, under her influence, develops into a man.

Spofford—That Betty. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Revell. \$1.00.

An incoherent little story, with a pious purport. "That Betty," the lady's maid, is one of a group of characters who experience religious conversion. The book is charged with a kind of sentiment that may always be counted upon to appeal to a great many readers.

Stuart—George Washington Jones. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Illustrated by Edward Potthast. Henry Altemus Co. \$1.00.

One of Mrs. Stuart's admirable dialect stories. There is no one who can do this sort of thing better than Mrs. Stuart, and the publisher is fortunate who has one of her books on his list.

Tarkington—Cherry. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Harper. \$1.25.

The insufferable Mr. Sudgeberry, prig, bore, dull blunderer, tells his own story of his love for Sylvia Gray and its unexpected outcome. The tale abounds in comedy situations, and Mr. Sudgeberry's narrative is well calculated to display his character, yet it is questionable if either comedy or the ironic cleverness with which the author causes him to reveal himself quite recompenses the reader for the feeling of having listened, through weary hours, to the monologue of an unbridled egotist.

Van Zile—A Duke and His Double. By Edward S. Van Zile. Holt. 75 cts.

An unreal little farce with an over-familiar theme. A Chicago millionaire and his family, socially unarrived, a real duke in the background and his "double" disguising himself first as a butler, then as the duke making love to the millionaire's daughter,—all this is well-worn comedy. The story lacks sprightliness and is amusing only in such minor points as the language employed in addressing the supposed duke. Even the American duchess, writing home of her husband in the last chapter, refers to him as "His Grace."

White—Lesley Chilton. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton. \$1.50.

Pleasant people come in and out of Miss White's books. They are well-bred, well-informed New Englanders who really live and move, moreover, and talk agreeably. This uneventful story is, like its fellows, written out of knowledge of the whole atmosphere of the place, and is successful in a true presentation of the kind of men and women—mainly the latter—who live in them. The touches of Boston life, slight as they are, are clever, and so are the little differentiations of people and their attitude towards life as regards education and suffrage. Lesley Chilton is a nice girl and worth knowing.

Wood—The Spirit of the Service. By Edith Elmer Wood. Macmillan. \$1.50.

A story of American naval life, beginning with an interview between Captain Cartwright and Mr. J. C. O'Meara, the ward boss, whose political influence becomes a factor in the development of the tale. The leading characters are brought at last into the Spanish War, and the captain distinguishes himself in the Philippines.

MISCELLANEOUS

Calendars—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have some of the most attractive as well as practical calendars made for the new year. Among the most striking may be mentioned "The Secret of Happiness" and "A Paris Calendar."

Dauids—Note-Book of an Adopted Mother. By Eleanor Dauids. Dutton. \$1.00.

Those interested in the training of children may find this book of practical use. It is a real history and not a novel. As a chapter in the "Study of the Child," we would bring it to the attention of parents and teachers.

Hodges—The Great Optimist, and Other Essays. By Leigh Mitchell Hodges. Dodge Publishing Co. \$1.00.

A learned and upright clergyman the other day startled his family by the exclamation, "I'm sick of truth!" Readers of religious and moral essays may be inclined to forgive him, for it is the hardest thing in the world to tell old truths so that they seem new.

But there are always new audiences, and for those who are not sick of truth, even though they have heard it before, "The Great Optimist" would make an agreeable gift. "My Friend," "Thanksgiving," "The Darkened Cage," "Ma Brither" these are some of the essays, which are all bright and friendly in spirit. The book is very attractively made up, with hand-colored initials and dainty lettering. Its appropriateness is by no means confined to the Christmas season.

Jerome—Tea-Table Talk. By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd. \$1.00.

A series of humorous conversations in which a Woman of the World, a Minor Poet, a Philosopher, a Girt-on Girl, an Old Maid, and the author himself take part. The party at the tea-table discuss all manner of social and society topics, without allowing any of their number to become long-winded.

Leonard—Who's Who in America, 1903-1905. By John W. Leonard. A. N. Marquis & Co. \$3.50.

This new third edition of "Who's Who in America" is one of the most valuable reference books that finds its way to an editor's desk. In fact it has become an indispensable part of the tools of his trade. The present edition contains some 4000 more names than the former one, making a total of 14,443 names covering its 1800 pages.

Scudder—A Listener in Babel. Being a Series of Imaginary Conversations held at the close of the Last Century and reported by Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Under a slight veiling of fiction intended merely to give something of the dramatic force with which ideas are presented to us in real life, Miss Scudder follows certain trends of modern thought. Arguing that even the most prolix and analytical novel can show but a small portion of the sum total of formative experience, she abandons "the attempt at formal plot in quest of a wider suggestiveness" and shows us the influences and experiences which direct the course of a highly endowed, highly educated, modern girl who is trying to decide upon her life work. Anarchists, representative business men, teachers, artists, socialists, ministers, workers in a social settlement, labor leaders,—all these are among those to whom she listens, hoping to learn how to adjust her relations "to race, to nation, to spiritual realities, to the social whole." The speakers are no mere abstractions, but carefully, humanly drawn characters, and the whole story, with the dawning hope of love and marriage left behind in the early chapters, deals with the problems of life as they present themselves to many altruistic women with wealth enough to save them from the more sordid problems of immediate money earning.

OUT-OF-DOOR BOOKS

Sandys—Trapper Jim. By Edwyn Sandys. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

Everything that a boy does n't need to know about trapping, killing, punching, and all the rest of the savagery which the normal boy too well knows by instinct, and which he can't too soon forget. And it is all stewed up as a story—as if a boy has to be interested in boxing, swimming, and stuffing birds! It is a worse than useless book.

Walton—A Hermit's Wild Friends; or, Eighteen Years in the Woods. By Mason A. Walton. Dana, Estes & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Walton is widely known as "the hermit" of Bond's Hill, Gloucester, Mass. While living in his cabin near the Old Salem Road he has made innumerable observations of the wild life of the woods, and he has now opened his treasury of wood-lore to the public eye. In his Preface he claims to have discovered six distinct facts of natural history not previously known. Some of the chapters in this book have appeared in the *Youth's Companion* and in *Forest and Stream*, to which latter paper he has contributed for years under the pseudonym of "Hermit." There are plentiful illustrations.

Waters—Ferns. By Campbell E. Waters, Ph.D. Holt.

The most elegant, trustworthy, and interesting fern-book of the popular kind ever printed. It is a manual for the Northeastern States with an

easy scientific key, and illustrated with over two hundred drawings and photogravures. No such collection of fern photographs has been brought together in a single volume before. It is more than a manual—chapters on fern-life and fern-photography greatly add to its interest. The best of the fern-books—beautiful and scientific.

White—The Forest. By Stewart Edward White. Outlook. \$1.50 net.

A series of papers on life in the woods, linked together by means of a story of a canoe-trip through northern Michigan and the wilder part of Canada. Such chapter headings as, "The Science of Going Light," "On Making Camp," "On Walking through the Woods," show both the interest of the book to the stay-at-home reader and its practical value to the traveller. Mr. Thomas Fogarty, who accompanied the author on his explorations, contributes eighteen full-page drawings.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

Brownell—The Heart of Japan. By Clarence Ludlow Brownell. McClure. \$2.00 net.

Despite its pretentious title, this book belongs not to the order of deep waters but of bubbles that float on the surface. It professes to consist of "glimpses of life and nature far from the traveller's track in the Land of the Rising Sun," and therefore leads us to suppose that the author presents only first-hand experiences and the original testimony of an eye-witness. Nevertheless, in reality, most of its texture might have been woven after diligent reading in the British Museum, for the most important parts of it, in other forms and in different literary dress, have already appeared in the books of writers who lived long in the country. It is profusely illustrated with half-tone pictures, is lively in style, rich in description, and gay in spirit.

Champney—Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Putnam.

A work of the same admirable quality as the author's two precious books on the "Feudal" and "Renaissance Châteaux." No more need be said to readers familiar with those elegant volumes; to others a triple pleasure is in store which they should not delay to enjoy, or to enable their friends to enjoy in the holiday season.

Chamberlin—Ordered to China. Letters of Wilbur J. Chamberlin. Stokes. \$1.50 net.

Despite the fact that these letters of a very busy newspaper correspondent in China are the private missives of a married man, who was also a lover, to his wife and babies, they are well worth printing. Chamberlin was one of three brothers "who no less truly and with no smaller share of heroism than they who bear the country's colors into battle" served their country with pen and brain and "who early spent themselves and who in great crises

laid down their lives in loyalty to duty." He was despatched to China by the *New York Sun*, August 5, 1900, when the Boxer riots were lively, though there was no war until the European and Japanese allied commanders fired on the Taku forts, despite the honorable protest of our own brave Kempff. Chamberlin reached Peking October 13, after adventures overland and shipboard experiences on the Pacific and various episodes in the Japanese and Chinese ports, which he chronicles with wit and gusto. Having read every line of this book, we pronounce it first rate for amusement and appraise it as most valuable to the historian.

Dodd—In the Palaces of the Sultan. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Dodd. \$4.00 net.

The throngs of tourists and "fireside travelers" who have availed themselves of Mrs. Dodd's agreeable and instructive companionship in Normandy and in foreign cathedrals will be thankful for the privilege of her genial guidance to Constantinople, where she was the guest of our ambassador, dined with the Sultan, and was personally conducted through his miles of palaces and parks. Her descriptions are as graphic as the pictorial illustrations that accompany them.

Hubbard—Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors; Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Musicians. By Elbert Hubbard. Putnam. \$1.50 net.

Two handsome volumes of a new series of "Little Journeys," which need no commendation to the many readers of the five volumes in the former series. They are an agreeable combination of vivacious description and criticism, the latter often colored by the author's familiar idiosyncrasies. Among the dozen authors are Morris, Browning, Tennyson, Burns, and Byron; and among the musicians, Wagner, Chopin, Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart. The illustrations are admirable photogravure portraits.

James—The Indians of the Painted Desert Region. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00 net.

Mr. James has followed up his twenty years' personal observation of the Indians of this region by researches in ethnological literature, and presents in this volume the results of his investigations concerning the four tribes of the Hopi, the Navaho, the Wallapai, and the Havasupai. A chapter on "The Hopi Snake Dance" may be expected to attract special attention just now. The author supplies a bibliography, and a large collection of illustrations from his own photographs.

Johnson—Pioneer Spaniards in North America. By William Henry Johnson. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20 net.

A history of Spanish exploration and conquest

in the New World, beginning with the voyages of Alonzo de Ojeda and ending with the second conquest of New Mexico. The treatment is popular and there are few formal references to authorities, but use has been made of the historical and ethnological literature that has accumulated since Prescott. The most important discoveries concerning the social, industrial, and artistic life of ancient Mexico are summarized in an Appendix.

Penfield—Present Day Egypt. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Century Co. \$2.50 net.

This book by our former Consul-General to Egypt, richly illustrated by Paul Philippoteaux and P. Talbot Kelly, and with many choice reproductions of photographs, is delightfully welcome, for it is just what it professes to be. Let no one open this book to find any new theory revealing the purpose of the pyramids, or to have the riddle of the Sphinx explained. If, however, one is going to Egypt, either by steamer, rail, or Nile boat, or all together, or with the mind's eye, by remaining at home and using the method of the poet at the fireside, who "sees all the beautiful places without going abroad," let him obtain this book. Mr. Penfield does not deal with the law in the case, but he does show how the old land of bondage flourishes superbly under its new masters. One also gets light on the true inwardness of those "Egyptian cigarettes," which come from a land which raises no tobacco. One chapter will help the seeker after health, and every page will delight the intending tourist who would know how to study or to enjoy himself in the rainless land of sunshine.

Scudamore—Belgium and the Belgians. By Cyril Scudamore. Dutton. \$2.00 net.

Not a guide-book, but a valuable supplement to all the guide-books, and indeed to all other books on the subject that we have seen. While the Belgium of to-day is thoroughly described, more than half the volume is devoted to education, government, politics, the military system, the religious bodies, and the folk-lore of the country. A good map and profuse illustrations are added.

Williams—The Hill Towns of Italy. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr. Houghton. \$3.00 net.

This book deals with a region which, though well known to many artists, is by no means familiar to the average tourist, though eminently attractive for its scenery and art treasures. The abundant illustrations of the volume will serve to give a better idea of the district than the text, which is not altogether worthy of them. The map of Central Italy and the full index are noteworthy.

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